A U M

Now that light which shines above this heaven, higher than all, higher than everything, n the highest world, beyond which there are no other worlds, that is the same light which s within man. All this is Brahman. Let a man meditate on this world as beginning, ending and breathing in Brahman.—*Chandogya-Upanishad.*

THEOSOPHY

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Theosophist 2

COUNT SAINT GERMAIN*

AT long intervals have appeared in Europe certain men, whose rare intellectual endowments, brilliant conversation, and mysterious modes of life have astounded and dazzled the public mind. The article now copied from *All the Year Round* relates to one of these men—the Count St. Germain. In Hargrave Jennings' curious work, "The Rosicrucians," is described another, a certain Signor Gualdi, who was once the talk of Venetian society. A third was the historical personage known as Alessandro di Cagliostro, whose name has been made the synonym of infamy by a forged Catholic biography. It is not now intended to compare these three individuals with each other or with the common run of men. We copy the article of our London contemporary for quite another object. We wish to show how basely personal character is traduced without the slightest provocation, unless the fact of one's being brighter in mind, and more versed in the secrets of natural law can be construed as a sufficient provocation to set the slanderer's pen and the gossip's tongue in motion. Let the reader attentively note what follows:—

"This famous adventurer," says the writer in *All the Year Round,* meaning the Count St. Germain, "is supposed to have been a Hungarian by birth, but the early part of his life was by himself carefully wrapped in mystery. His person and his title alike stimulated curiosity. His age was unknown, and his parentage equally obscure. We catch the first glimpse of him in Paris, a century and a quarter ago, filling the court and the town with his renown.

*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Theosophist* for May, 1881.

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Amazed Paris saw a man—apparently of middle age—a man who lived in magnificent style, who went to dinner parties, where he ate nothing, but talked incessantly, and with exceeding brilliancy, on every imaginable topic. His tone was, perhaps, over-trenchant—the tone of a man who knows perfectly what he is talking about. Learned, speaking every civilized language admirably, a great musician, an excellent chemist, he played the part of a prodigy, and played it to perfection. Endowed with extraordinary confidence or consummate impudence, he not only laid down the law magisterially concerning the present, but spoke without hesitation of events 200 years old. His anecdotes of remote occurrences were related with extraordinary minuteness. He spoke of scenes at the court of Francis I., as if he had seen them, describing exactly the appearance of the king, imitating his voice, manner, and language—affecting throughout the character of an eye-witness. In like style he edified his audience with pleasant stories of Louis XIV., and regaled them with vivid descriptions of places and persons. Hardly saying in so many words that he was actually present when the events happened, he yet contrived, by his great graphic power, to convey that impression. Intending to astonish, he succeeded completely. Wild stories were current concerning him. He was reported to be 300 years old, and to have prolonged his life by the use of a famous elixir. Paris went mad about him. He was questioned constantly about his secret of longevity, and was marvellously adroit in his replies, denying all power to make old folks young again, but quietly asserting his possession of the secret of *arresting decay in the human frame*. Diet, he protested, was with his marvellous elixir, the true secret of long life, and he resolutely refused to eat any food but such as had been specially prepared for him—oat meal, groats, and the white meat of chickens. On great occasions he drank a little wine, sat up as late as any one would listen to him, but took extraordinary precautions against the cold. To ladies he gave mysterious cosmetics to preserve their beauty unimpaired; to men he talked openly of his method of transmuting metals, and of a certain process for melting down a dozen little diamonds into one large stone. These astounding assertions were backed by the possession of apparently unbounded wealth, and a collection of jewels of rare size and beauty.

"From time to time this strange being appeared in various European capitals, under various names—as Marquis of Montferrat; Count Bellamare, at Venice; Chevalier Schoening, at Pisa; Chevalier Weldon, Milan; Count Soltikoff, at Genoa; Count Tzarogy, at Schwalbach; and finally as Count Saint Germain, at Paris; but after his disaster at the Hague, no longer seems so wealthy as before and has at times the appearance of seeking his fortune. At Tournay he is 'interviewed' by the renowned Chevalier de Seingalt, who finds him in an Armenian robe and pointed cap, with a long beard descending to his waist, and ivory wand in hand—the complete make-up of a necromancer. Saint Germain is surrounded by a legion of bottles, and is occupied in developing the manufacture of hats upon

chemical principles. Seingalt being indisposed, the Count offers to physic him gratis, and offers to dose him with an elixir which appears to have been ether; but the other refuses, with many polite speeches. It is the scene of the two augurs. Not being allowed to act as a physician, Saint Germain determines to show his power as an alchemist; takes a twelve-sous piece from the other augur, puts it on red-hot charcoal, and works with the blow-pipe. The piece of money is fused and allowed to cool. 'Now,' says Saint Germain, 'take your money again.' 'But it is gold.' 'Of the purest.' Augur No. 2 does not believe in the transmutation, and looks on the whole operation as a trick; but he pockets the piece, nevertheless, and finally presents it to the celebrated Marshal Keith, then governor of Neuchatel.

"Again in pursuit of dyeing and other manufacturing schemes, Saint Germain turned up at St. Petersburg, Dresden, and Milan. Once he got into trouble, and was arrested in a petty town of Piedmont, on a protested bill of exchange; but he pulled out a hundred thousand crowns' worth of jewels, paid on the spot, bullied the governor of the town like a pickpocket, and was released, with the most respectful excuses.

"Very little doubt exists that during one of his residences in Russia, he played an important part in the revolution which placed Catharine II. on the throne. In support of this view, Baron Gleichen cites the extraordinary attention bestowed on Saint Germain at Leghorn, 1770, by Count Alexis Orloff, and a remark made by Prince Gregory Orloff to the Margrave of Onspach during his stay at Nuremberg.

"After all, who was he?—the son of a Portuguese king or of a Portuguese Jew? Or did he, in his old age, tell the truth to his protector and enthusiastic admirer, Prince Charles of Hesse Cassel? According to the story told by his last friend, he was the son of a Prince Rakoczy of Transylvania, and his first wife a Tekely. He was placed, when an infant, under the protection of the last of the Medici. When he grew up and heard that his two brothers, sons of the Princess Hesse Rheinfels, of Rothenburg, had received the names of St. Charles and St. Elizabeth, he determined to take the name of their holy brother, Sanctus Germanus. What was the truth? One thing alone certain, that he was a *protege* of the last Medici. Prince Charles, who appears to have regretted his death, which happened in 1783, very sincerely tells us that he fell sick, while pursuing his experiments in colors, at Eckrenforde, and *died* shortly after, despite the innumerable medicaments prepared by his own private apothecary. Frederick the Great who, despite his scepticism, took a queer interest in astrologers, said of him, 'This is a man who does not die.' Mirabeau adds, epigrammatically, 'He was always a careless fellow, and at last, unlike his predecessors, forgot not to die.'"

And now we ask what shadow of proof is herein afforded either that St. Germain was an "adventurer," that he meant to "play the

part of a prodigy," or that he sought to make money out of dupes. Not one single sign is there of his being other than what he seemed, *viz.*, a gentleman of magnificent talents and education, and the possessor of ample means to honestly support his standing in society. He claimed to know how to fuse small diamonds into large ones, and to transmute metals, and backed his assertions "by the possession of apparently unbounded wealth, and a collection of jewels of rare size and beauty." Are "adventurers" like this? Do charlatans enjoy the confidence and admiration of the cleverest statesmen and nobles of Europe for long years, and not even at their deaths show in one thing that they were undeserving? Some encyclopedists (see *New Am. Cyclo.*, vol. xiv, p. 266) say:—"He is supposed *to have been employed during the greater part of his life as a spy* at the courts at which he resided!" But upon what evidence is this *supposition* based? Has any one found it in any of the state papers in the secret archives of either of these courts? Not one word, not one fraction or shred of fact to build this base calumny upon, has ever been found. It is simply a malicious lie. The treatment that the memory of this great man, this pupil of Indian and Egyptian hierophants, this proficient in the secret wisdom of the East, has had from Western writers is a stigma upon human nature. And so has the stupid world behaved towards every other person who, like St. Germain, has revisited it after long seclusion devoted to study, with his stores of accumulated esoteric wisdom, in the hope of bettering it and making it wiser and happier.

One other point should be noticed. The above account gives no particulars of the last hours of the mysterious Count or of his funeral. Is it not absurd to suppose that if he really died at the time and place mentioned, he would have been laid in the ground without the pomp and ceremony, the official supervision, the police registration which attend the funerals of men of his rank and notoriety? Where are these data? He passed out of public sight more than a century ago, yet no memoir contains them. A man who so lived in the full blaze of publicity could not have vanished, if *he really died then and there,* and left no trace behind. Moreover, to this negative we have the alleged positive proof that he was living several years after 1784. He is said to have had a most important private conference with the Empress of Russia in 1785 or 6, and to have appeared to the Princess de Lamballe when she stood before the tribunal, a few moments before she was struck down with a billet, and a butcher-boy cut off her head; and to Jeanne Dubarry, the mistress of Louis XV., as she waited on her scaffold at Paris the stroke of the guillotine in the Days of Terror, of 1793. A respected member of our Society, residing in Russia, possesses some highly important documents about the Count Saint Germain, and for the vindication of the memory of one of the grandest characters of modern times, it is hoped that the long-needed but missing links in the chain of his chequered history, may speedily be given to the world through these columns.

Irish Theosophist

THE CLOSING CYCLE*

IN the November number the "expiring Cycle" is referred to by Mr. Sinnett, and members are rightly warned not to be so absurd (though that is my word) as to think that after 1897 "some mysterious extinguisher will descend upon us."

Who is the person who gave out the concrete statement that 1897 was to be the close of a cycle when something would happen? It was H. P. Blavatsky. There is not the slightest doubt about it that she did say so, nor that she fully explained it to several persons. Nor is there any doubt at all that she said, as had been so long said from the year 1875, that 1897 would witness the shutting of a door. What door? Door to what? What was or is to end? Is the T. S. to end and close all the books?

Nothing is more plain than that H. P. Blavatsky said, on the direct authority of the Masters, that in the last twenty-five years of each century an effort is made by the Lodge and its agents with the West, and that it ceases in its direct and public form and influence with the twenty-fifth year. Those who believe her will believe this; those who think they know more about it than she did will invent other ideas suited to their fancies.

She explained, as will all those who are taught (as are many) by the same Masters, that were the public effort to go on any longer than that, a reaction would set in very similar to indigestion. Time must be given for assimilation, or the "dark shadow which follows all innovations" would crush the soul of man. The great public, the mass, must have time and also material. Time is ever. The matter has been furnished by the Masters in the work done by H. P. Blavatsky in her books, and what has grown out of those. She has said, the Masters have said, and I again assert it for the benefit of those who have any faith in me, that the Masters have told me that they helped her write the *Secret Doctrine* so that the future seventy-five and more years should have some material to work on, and that in the coming years that book and its theories would be widely studied. The material given has then to be worked over, to be assimilated for the welfare of all. No extinguisher will fall therefore on us. The T. S., as a whole, will not have the incessant care of the Masters in every part, but must grow up to maturity on what it has with the help to come from those few who are "chosen." H. P. Blavatsky has clearly pointed out in the *Key*, in her conclusion, that the plan is to keep the T. S. alive as an active, free, unsectarian body during all the time of waiting for the next great messenger, who will be herself beyond question. Thereby will be furnished the well-made tool with which to work again in grander scale, and without the fearful opposition she had without and within when she began this time. And in all this time of waiting the

*This article was first printed in *The Irish Theosophist* for January, 1895.

Master, "that great Initiate, whose single will upholds the entire movement," will have his mighty hand spread out wide behind the Society.

Up to 1897 the door is open to anyone who has the courage, the force, and the virtue to Try, so that he can go in and make a communication with the Lodge which shall not be broken at all when the cycle ends. But at the striking of the hour the door will shut, and not all your pleadings and cryings will open it to you. Those who have made the connection will have their own door open, but the public general door will be closed. That is the true relation of the "extinguisher" as given by H. P. Blavatsky and the Master. It seems very easy to understand.

"Many are called but few are chosen," because they would not allow it. The unchosen are those who have worked for themselves alone; those who have sought for knowledge for themselves without a care about the rest; those who have had the time, the money, and the ability to give good help to Masters' cause, long ago defined by them to be work for mankind and not for self, but have not used it thus. And sadly, too, some of the unmarked and unchosen are those who walked a long distance to the threshold, but stopped too long to hunt for the failings and the sins they were sure some brother pilgrim had, and then they went back farther and farther, building walls behind them as they went. They were called and almost chosen; the first faint lines of their names were beginning to develop in the book of this century; but as they retreated, thinking indeed, they were inside the door, the lines faded out, and other names flashed into view. Those other names are those belonging to humble persons here and there whom these proud aristocrats of occultism thought unworthy of a moment's notice.

What seems to me either a printer's error or a genuine mistake in Mr. Sinnett's article is on page 26, where he says: "will be knowledge generally diffused throughout the *cultured classes.*" The italics are mine. No greater error could seem possible. The cultured classes are perfectly worthless, as a whole, to the Master-builders of the Lodge. They are good in the place they have, but they represent the "established order" and the acme of selfishness. Substitute *masses* for *cultured classes*, and you will come nearer the truth. Not the cultured but the ignorant masses have kept alive the belief in the occult and the psychic now fanned into flame once more. Had we trusted to the cultured the small ember would long ago have been extinguished. We may drag in the cultured, but it will be but to have a languid and unenthusiastic interest.

We have entered on the dim beginning of a new era already. It is the era of Western Occultism and of special and definite treatment and exposition of theories hitherto generally considered. We have to do as Buddha told his disciples: preach, promulgate,

expound, illustrate, and make clear in detail all the great things we have learned. That is our work, and not the bringing out of surprising things about clairvoyance and other astral matters, nor the blinding of the eye of science by discoveries impossible for them but easy for the occultist. The Master's plan has not altered. He gave it out long ago. It is to make the world at large better, to prepare a right soil for the growing out of the powers of the soul, which are dangerous if they spring up in our present selfish soil. It is not the Black Lodge that tries to keep back psychic development; it is the White Lodge. The Black would fain have all the psychic powers full flower now, because in our wicked, mean, hypocritical, and money-getting people they would soon wreck the race. This idea may seem strange, but for those who will believe my unsupported word I say it is the Master's saying.

William Q. Judge.

Forum

IS THEOSOPHY FOR THE CULTURED CLASSES?*

Are theosophical doctrines for the cultured classes? Should we pay most attention, in propaganda, to the cultured and "respectable" or to those in a lower stratum?

W. Q. Judge.—If theosophical doctrines are to be of any benefit to the race, then they must be for all classes, poor and rich, cultured and uncultured, young and old. Some people think that these doctrines are really only comprehensible by the educated and cultured; that most attention should be paid to these classes, to learned scientific persons, and to those who possess a worldly and powerful reputation. For, they argue, if we can get hold of such, then we may the more quickly affect the others.

But what has experience shown? Merely that the cultivated and respectable and scientific have laughed at Theosophy, and never would have paid it any attention if not forced to. A very prominent scientist, Prof. Crookes, early became a member of the London Lodge, but nothing has resulted therefrom to the distinct benefit of the movement. Many attempts have been made in the parlors of the rich, with hardly any result; certainly not enough to justify the outlay of strength and time. The theosophical propaganda has gone forward in the face of considerable opposition and coldness from the so-called better classes. Very true it is that the working, laboring classes have not pushed it, nor do they, as a whole, know a very great deal about it; yet that indefinite section of the working classes sometimes called the "middle class" has been its great propagator and supporter.

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*This answer by Mr. Judge to the question asked was first printed in *The Theosophical Forum* for July, 1895. The title used is our own. [Ed. Theosophy.]

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As to understanding the doctrines, it is my opinion that this is as easy for the uneducated as for the educated. Indeed, in some cases, over-education has been a bar, and deep intellectual study of Theosophy has led to a want of comprehension of the principle of Brotherhood and to a violation of it. The purpose and aim of Theosophy in the world is not the advancement of a few in the intellectual plane, but the amelioration of all human affairs through the practice of Brotherhood. The theosophical doctrines show what Brotherhood is and how it is to be practised, and if we cannot succeed in the practice of it then we are *failures*. Brotherhood is more likely to arise in the ranks below than to spring from those above, for it cannot be declared that present conditions—even in governments abroad—are largely due to the better, the upper, the educated classes.

However—and here lies the duty of those Theosophists who have education—it is necessary to clearly explain the doctrines to the uneducated classes before these can grasp them. But when so explained, it will be found that in practice alone the doctrines are understood. We must not forget, in all this, that in America the proportion of illiteracy is not large, and hence in this land it is easier to propagate Theosophy among the masses. And history, the facts of to-day, amply prove this.

Lucifer 6 297

AN ASTRAL PROPHET*

EVERY educated Englishman has heard the name of General Yermoloff, one of the great military heroes of this age; and if at all familiar with the history of the Caucasian wars, he must be acquainted with the exploits of one of the chief conquerors of the land of those impregnable fastnesses where Shamil and his predecessors have defied for years the skill and strategy of the Russian armies.

Be it as it may, the strange events herein narrated by the Caucasian hero himself, may interest students of psychology. That which follows is a *verbatim* translation from V. Potto's Russian work "The War in Caucasus". In Volume II, chapter *The period of Yermoloff* (pp. 829-30-31 and 832) one reads these lines:

Silently and imperceptibly glided away at Moscow the last days allotted to the hero. On April the 19th, 1861, he died in his 85th year, seated in his favorite arm-chair, with one hand on the table, the other on his knee; but a few minutes before, in accordance with an old habit of his, he was tapping the floor with his foot.

It is impossible to better express the feelings of Russia at the news of this death than by quoting the obituary notice from the

*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for June, 1890. 6

(Russian) Daily "Caucasus", which did not say a word more than was deserved.

"On April the 12th, at 11¾ a. m., at Moscow, the Artillery General, famous throughout Russia—Alexéy Petrovitch Yermoloff, breathed his last. Every Russian knows the name; it is allied with the most brilliant records of our national glory: Valutino, Borodino, Kulm, Paris, and the Caucasus, will be ever transmitting the name of the hero,—the pride and ornament of the Russian army and nation. We will not enumerate the services of Yermoloff. His name and titles are: a true son of Russia, in the full significance of the term."

It is a curious fact that his death did not escape its own legend, one of a strange and mystical character. This is what a friend who knew Yermoloff well, writes of him:

Once, when leaving Moscow, I called on Yermoloff to say goodbye, and found myself unable to conceal my emotion at parting.

"Fear not", he said to me, "we will yet meet; I shall not die before your return."

This was eighteen months before his death.

"In life and death God alone is the Master!" I observed.

"And I tell you most positively that my death will not occur in a year, but a few months later"—he answered, "Come with me"—and with these words he led me into his study; where, getting out of a locked chest a written sheet of paper, he placed it before me, and asked—"whose handwriting is this?" "Yours," I said. "Read it then." I complied.

It was a kind of memorandum, a record of dates, since the year when Yermoloff was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, showing, as in a programme, every significant event that was to happen in his life, so full of such events. He followed me in my reading, and when I was at the last paragraph, he covered the last line with his hand. "This you need not read," he said. "On this line, the year, the month, and the day, of my death are given. All that you have read was written by me beforehand, and has come to pass to the smallest details, and this is how I came to write it.

"When I was yet a young Lieutenant-Colonel I was sent on some business to a small district town. My lodging consisted of two rooms—one for the servants, the other for my personal use. There was no access into the latter but through the former. Once, late at night, as I sat writing at my desk, I fell into a reverie, when suddenly on lifting my eyes I saw standing before me across the desk a stranger, a man, judging by his dress, belonging to the lower classes of society. Before I had time to ask him who he was or what he wanted, the stranger said, 'Take your pen and write.' Feeling myself under the influence of an irresistible power, I obeyed in silence. Then *he* dictated to me all that was going to happen to me during my whole life, concluding with the date and

hour of my death. With the last word he vanished from the spot. A few minutes elapsed before I regained my full consciousness, when, jumping from my seat, I rushed into the adjoining room, which the stranger could not by any means avoid passing through. Opening the door, I saw my clerk writing by the light of a candle, and my orderly lying asleep on the floor across the entrance door, which door was securely locked and bolted. To my question 'who was it who has just been here?'—the astonished clerk answered, 'No one'. To this day I have never told this to any one. I knew beforehand that while some would suspect me of having invented the whole thing, others would see in me a man subject to hallucinations. But for myself, personally, the whole thing is *a most undeniable fact,* an objective and palpable fact, the proof of which is in this very written document."

The last date found on the latter proved, after the death of the General, to be the correct one. He died on the very day and hour of the year recorded in his own handwriting.

Yermoloff is buried at Orel. An inextinguishable lamp, made of a fragment of a bomb-shell, burns before his tomb. On the cast-iron of the shell these words are wrought by an unskilled hand, "The Caucasian soldiers who served on the Goonib".* The ever burning lamp is established through the zeal and grateful love of the lower ranks of the Caucasian Army, who collected among themselves from their poor pittance (copeck by copeck, verily!) the needed sum. And this simple monument is more valued and admired than would be the richest mausoleum. There is no other monument to Yermoloff in Russia. But the proud and lofty rocks of the Caucasus are the imperishable pedestal on which every true Russian will always behold the majestic image of General Yermoloff, surrounded by the aureole of an everlasting and immortal glory.

And now for a few words about the nature of the apparition.

No doubt every word of General Yermoloff's concise and clear narrative is true to a dot. He was pre-eminently a matter-of-fact, sincere, and clear-headed man, with not the slightest taint of mysticism about him, a true soldier, honorable, and straightforward. Moreover, this episode of his life was testified to by his elder son, known to the present writer and her family personally, for many years during our residence at Tiflis. All this is a good warrant for the genuineness of the phenomenon, testified to furthermore by the written document left by the General, bearing the correct and precise date of his death. And now what about the mysterious visitor? Spiritualists will, of course, see in it a dis-

*"Goonib" is the name of the last stronghold of the Circassians, on which the famous *Murid* Shamil the Priest-Sovereign of the Mountaineers was conquered and captured by the Russians, after years of a desperate struggle. Goonib is a gigantic rock, deemed for a long time impregnable but finally stormed and ascended by the Russian soldiers at an enormous sacrifice of life. Its capture put virtually an end to the war in the Caucasus, a struggle which had lasted for over sixty years, and assured its conquest. [Ed. *Lucifer.*]

embodied Entity, a "materialized Spirit". It will be claimed that a *human Spirit* alone could prophesy a whole series of events and see so clearly in Futurity. So we say, too. But having agreed on that point, we diverge in all the rest; *i. e.*, while Spiritualists would say that the apparition was that of a Spirit distinct from and independent of the Higher Ego of the General, we maintain precisely the reverse, and say it was that Ego. Let us argue dispassionately.

Where is the *raison d'être*, the *rationale* of such apparition of prophecy; and why should you or I, for instance, once dead, appear to a perfect stranger for the pleasure of informing him of that which was to happen to him? Had the General recognised in the visitor some dear relative, his own father, mother, brother, or bosom friend, and received from him some beneficent warning, slight proof as it would have been, there would still be something in it to hang such theory upon. But it was nothing of the kind: simply "a stranger, a man, judging by his dress, belonging to the lower classes of society". If so, why should the soul of a poor disembodied tradesman, or a laborer, trouble itself to appear to a mere stranger? And if the "Spirit" only *assumed* such appearance, then why this disguise and masquerading, such *post-mortem* mystification, at all? If such visits are made of a "Spirit's" free will; if such revelations can occur at the sweet pleasure of a disembodied Entity, and independently of any established law of intercourse between the two worlds—what can be the reason alleged for that particular "Spirit" playing at soothsaying Cassandra with the General? None whatever. To insist upon it, is simply to add one more absurd and repulsive feature to the theory of "Spirit-visitation", and to throw an additional element of ridicule on the sacredness of death. The *materializing* of an *immaterial* Spirit—a divine Breath—by the Spiritualists, is on a par with the anthropomorphizing of the Absolute, by the Theologians. It is these two claims which have dug an almost impassable abyss between the Theosophist-Occultists and the Spiritualists on the one hand, and the Theosophists and the Church Christians on the other.

And now this is how a Theosophist-Occultist would explain the vision, in accordance with esoteric philosophy. He would premise by reminding the reader that the Higher Consciousness in us, with its *sui generis* laws and conditions of manifestation, is still almost entirely *terra incognita* for all (Spiritualists included) and the men of Science pre-eminently. Then he would remind the reader of one of the fundamental teachings of Occultism. He would say that besides the attribute of divine omniscience in its own nature and sphere of action, there exists in Eternity for the *individual* immortal Ego neither *Past* nor *Future*, but only one everlasting Present. Now, once this doctrine is admitted, or simply postulated, it becomes only natural that the whole life, from birth to death, of the Personality which that Ego informs, should be as plainly visible to the Higher Ego as it is invisible to, and

concealed from, the limited vision of its temporary and mortal Form. Hence, this is what must have happened according to the Occult Philosophy.

The friend is told by General Yermoloff that while writing *late in the night* he had suddenly fallen into a *reverie,* when he suddenly perceived upon lifting the eyes a stranger standing before him. Now that reverie was most likely a sudden doze, brought on by fatigue and overwork, during which a mechanical action of purely somnambulic character took place. The *Personality* becoming suddenly alive to the Presence of its Higher Self, the human sleeping automaton fell under the sway of the Individuality, and forthwith the hand that had been occupied with writing for several hours before resumed mechanically its task. Upon awakening the *Personality* thought that the document before him had been written at the dictation of a visitor whose voice he had heard, whereas, in truth, he had been simply recording the innermost thoughts—or shall we say knowledge—of his own divine "Ego", a prophetic, because all-knowing Spirit. The "voice" of the latter was simply the translation by the physical memory, at the instant of awakening, of the mental knowledge concerning the life of the mortal man reflected on the lower by the *Higher* consciousness. All the other details recorded by the memory are as amenable to a natural explanation.

Thus, the stranger clothed in the raiments of a poor little tradesman or laborer, who was speaking to him *outside of himself,* belongs, as well as the "voice", to that class of well-known phenomena familiar to us as the *association of ideas* and *reminiscences* in our dreams. The pictures and scenes we see in sleep, the events we live through for hours, days, sometimes for years in our dreams, all this takes less time, in reality, than is occupied by a flash of lightning during the instant of awakening and the return to full consciousness. Of such instances of the power and rapidity of fancy physiology gives numerous examples. We rebel against the materialistic deductions of modern science, but no one can controvert its facts, patiently and carefully recorded throughout long years of experiments and observations by its specialists, and these support our argument. General Yermoloff had passed several days previously holding an inquest in a small town, in which official business he had probably examined dozens of men of the poorer classes; and this explains his fancy—vivid as reality itself—suggesting to his imagination the vision of a small tradesman.

Let us turn to the experiences and explanations of a long series of philosophers and Initiates, thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of the *Inner Self,* before we father upon "departed spirits" actions, motives for which could never be explained upon any reasonable grounds. H. P. B.

PROGRESS AND CULTURE*

. . . . . .

"Mated with a squalid savage — what to me
were sun or clime?
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost
files of time —

. . . . . .

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward,
forward let us range
Let the great world spin for ever down the
ringing groves of change.
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep
into the younger day
Better fifty years of Europe, than a cycle of
Cathay" . . . .

TENNYSON.

WE, of the century claiming itself as the XIXth of *our* era, are very proud of our Progress and Civilization—Church and Churchmen attributing both to the advent of Christianity—"Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history", they say, "and what would his laws have been?—what his civilization?" Aye; "not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity, not a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy and healthful parts to the Gospel."

What an absurd boast, and how easily refuted!

To discredit such statements one has but to remember that our laws are based on those of Moses—life for life and tooth for tooth; to recall the laws of the *holy* Inquisition, *i. e.*, the burning of heretics and witches by the hecatomb, on the slightest provocation; the alleged right of the wealthiest and the strongest to sell their servants and fellow men into slavery, not to carry into effect the curse bestowed on Ham, but simply "to purchase the luxuries of Asia by supplying the slave market of the Saracens";[1] and finally the *Christian* laws upheld to this day in England, and called women's *disabilities*, social and political. Moreover, as in the blessed days of our forefathers' ignorance, we meet now with such choice bits of unblushing *blague* as this, "We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely *how large a share of all is due to Christianity*" (Rose).

Just so! "our laws and our arts", but neither "our civilization" nor "our freedom". No one could contradict the statement that these were won in spite of the most terrible opposition by the

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*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for August, 1890.

[1] *View of the State of Europe during the middle Ages* by H. H. Hallam, LL.D., F. R. A. S., p. 614. The author adds: "This trade was not peculiar to Venice. In England, it was very common, even after the Conquest, to export slaves to Ireland; till in the reign of Henry II, the Irish came to a non-importation agreement which put a stop to the practice." And then, in a footnote: "William of Malmsbury accuses the Anglo-Saxon nobility of selling their female servants, even when pregnant by them, as slaves to foreigners." This is the Christian mode of dealing as Abraham with Hagar with a vengeance!

Church during long centuries, and in the face of her repeated and loud anathemas against civilization and freedom and the defenders of both. And yet, notwithstanding fact and truth, it is being constantly urged that even the elevated position (?!) of the Christian woman as compared with her "heathen" sister, is entirely the work of Christianity! Were it true, this would at best be but a poor compliment to pay to a religion which claims to supersede all others. As it is not true, however—Lecky, among many other serious and trustworthy writers, having shown that "in the whole feudal legislation (of Christendom) women were placed *in a much lower legal position than in the Pagan Empire*"—the sooner and the oftener this fact is mentioned the better it will be for plain truth. Besides this, our ecclesiastical laws are honeycombed as has been said, with the Mosaic element. It is *Leviticus* not the Roman code, which is the creator and inspirer of legislation—in Protestant countries, at any rate.

Progress, says Carlyle, is "living movement". This is true; but it is so only on the condition that no dead weight, no corpse shall impede the freedom of that "living movement". Now in its uncompromising conservatism and unspirituality the Church is no better than a dead body. Therefore it did and still does impede true progress. Indeed, so long as the Church—the deadliest enemy of the ethics of Christ—was in power, there was hardly any progress at all. It was only after the French Revolution that real culture and civilization had a fair start.

Those ladies who claim day after day and night after night with such earnest and passionate eloquence, at "Woman's Franchise League" meetings, their legitimate share of rights as mothers, wives and citizens, and still attend "divine" service on Sundays—prosecute at best the unprofitable business of boring holes through sea-water. It is not the laws of the country that they should take to task, but the Church and chiefly themselves. It is the *Karma* of the women of our era. It was generated with Mary Magdalene, got into practical expression at the hands of the mother of Constantine, and found an ever renewed strength in every Queen and Empress "by the grace of God". Judean Christianity owes its life to a woman—*une sublime hallucinée,* as Renan puts it. Modern Protestantism and Roman Catholicism owe their illegitimate existence, again, to priest-ridden and church-going women; to the mother who teaches her son his first Bible lesson; to the wife or sister who forces her husband or brother to accompany her to church and chapel; to the emotional and hysterical spinster, the admirer of every popular preacher. And yet the predecessors of the latter have for fifteen centuries degraded women from every pulpit!

In *Lucifer* of October, 1889, in the article "The Women of Ceylon", we can read the opinion of Principal Donaldson, LL.D.,

of the University of St. Andrews, about the degradation of woman by the Christian Church. This is what he said openly in the *Contemporary Review.*

"It is a prevalent opinion that woman owes her present high position to Christianity. I used to believe in this opinion. But in the first three centuries I have not been able to see that Christianity had any favorable effect on the position of women, but, on the contrary, that it tended to lower their character and contract the range of their activity."

How very correct then, the remark of H. H. Gardener, that in the New Testament "the words sister, mother, daughter, and wife, are only names for degradation and dishonor"!

That the above is a fact, may be seen in various works, and even in certain *Weeklies.* "Saladin" of the *Agnostic* gives in his last "At Random" eloquent proofs of the same by bringing forward dozens of quotations. Here are a few of these:—

"Mrs. Mary A. Livermore says: 'The early Church fathers denounced women as noxious animals, necessary evils, and domestic perils.'

"Lecky says: 'Fierce invectives against the sex form a conspicuous and grotesque portion of the writings of the fathers.'

"Mrs. Stanton says that holy books and the priesthood teach that 'woman is the author of sin, who [in collusion with the devil] effected the fall of man.'

"Gamble says that in the fourth century holy men gravely argued the question, 'Ought women to be called human beings?'

"But let the Christian fathers speak for themselves. Tertullian, in the following flattering manner, addresses woman: 'You are the devil's gateway; the unsealer of the forbidden tree; the first deserter from the divine law. You are she who persuaded him whom the devil was not valiant enough to attack. You destroyed God's image—man.'

"Clement of Alexandria says: 'It brings shame to reflect of what nature woman is.'

"Gregory Thaumaturgus says: 'One man among a thousand may be pure; a woman, never.'

"'Woman is the organ of the devil.'—St. Bernard.

"'Her voice is the hissing of the serpent.'—St. Anthony.

"'Woman is the instrument which the devil uses to get possession of our souls.'—St. Cyprian.

"'Woman is a scorpion.'—St. Bonaventure.

"'The gate of the devil, the road of iniquity.'—St. Jerome.

"'Woman is a daughter of falsehood, a sentinel of hell, the enemy of peace.'—St. John Damascene.

"'Of all wild beasts the most dangerous is woman.'—St. John Chrysostom.

"'Woman has the poison of an asp, the malice of a dragon.'—St. Gregory the Great.

Is it surprising, with such instructions from the fathers, that the children of the Christian Church should *not* "look up to women, and consider them men's equals"?

Withal, it is emotional woman who, even at this hour of progress, remains as ever the chief supporter of the Church! Nay it is she again who is the sole cause, if we have to believe the Bible

allegory, that there is any Christianity or churches at all. For only imagine where would be both, had not our mother Eve listened to the tempting Serpent. First of all there would be no sin. Secondly, the Devil having been thwarted, there would be no need of any Redemption at all, nor of any woman to have "seed" in order that it should "bruise under its heel the serpent's head"; and thus there would be neither Church nor Satan. For as expressed by our old friend Cardinal Ventura de Raulica, Serpent-Satan is "one of the fundamental dogmas of the Church, and serves as a basis for Christianity." Take away that basis and the whole struggle topples overboard into the dark waters of oblivion.

Therefore, we pronounce the Church ungrateful to woman, and the latter no worse than a willing martyr; for if her enfranchisement and freedom necessitated more than an average moral courage a century ago, it requires very little now; only a firm determination. Indeed, if the ancient and modern writers may be believed, in real culture, freedom, and self-dignity the woman of our century has placed herself far beneath the ancient Aryan mother, the Egyptian—of whom Wilkinson and Buckle say that she had the greatest influence and liberty, social, religious and political among her countrymen—and even the Roman matron. The late Peary Chand Mitra has shown, "Manu" in hand, to what supremacy and honor the women of ancient Aryavarta had been elevated. The author of the "Women of Ancient Egypt" tells us that "from the earliest time of which we can catch a glimpse, the women of Egypt enjoyed a freedom and independence *of which modern nations are only beginning to dream.*" To quote once more from "At Random":—

"Sir Henry Maine says: 'No society, which preserves any tincture of Christian institutions, is ever likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by the Roman law.'

"The cause of 'Woman's Rights' was championed in Greece five centuries before Christ.

"Helen H. Gardener says: 'When the Pagan law recognised her [the wife] as the equal of her husband, the Church discarded that law.'

"Lecky says: 'In the legends of early Rome we have ample evidence both of the high moral estimate of women and of their prominence in Roman life. The tragedies of Lucretia and of Virginia display a delicacy of honor and a sense of the supreme excellence of unsullied purity which no Christian nation can surpass.'

"Sir Henry Maine, in his 'Ancient Law,' says that 'the inequality and oppression which related to women disappeared from Pagan laws,' and adds: 'the consequence was that the situation of the Roman female became one of great personal and proprietary independence; but Christianity tended somewhat, from the very first, to narrow this remarkable liberty.' He further says that 'the jurisconsults of the day contended for better laws for wives, but the Church prevailed in most instances, and established the most oppressive ones.'

"Professor Draper, in his 'Intellectual Development of Europe,' gives certain facts as to the outrageous treatment of women by Christian men (the clergy included) which it would be exceedingly indelicate in me to repeat.

"Moncure D. Conway says: 'There is not a more cruel chapter in history than that which records the arrest, by Christianity, of the natural growth of European civilisation regarding women.'

"Neander, the Church historian, says: 'Christianity diminishes the influence of woman.'"

Thus, it is amply proved that instead of an "elevated" position, it is a *degraded* one to which Christianity (or rather "Churchianity") has brought woman. Apart from this, woman has nought to thank it for.

And now, a word of good advice to all the members of Leagues and other societies connected with Woman's Rights. In our days of culture and progress, now that it is shown that in *Union* alone lies strength, and that tyrants can be put down only by their own weapons; and that finally we find that nothing works better than a "strike"—let all the champions of women's rights strike, and pledge themselves not to set foot in church or chapel until their rights are re-established and their equality with men recognised by law. We prophesy that before six months are over every one of the Bishops in Parliament will work as jealously as themselves to bring in bills of reformation and pass them. Thus will Mosaic and Talmudic law be defeated to the glory of—WOMAN.

But what are really culture and civilization? Dickens' idea that our hearts have benefited as much by macadam as our boots, is more original from a literary, than an aphoristical, standpoint. It is not true in principle, and it is disproved in nature by the very fact that there are far more good-hearted and noble-minded men and women in muddy country villages than there are in macadamised Paris or London. Real culture is spiritual. It proceeds from within outwards, and unless a person is naturally noble-minded and strives to progress on the spiritual before he does so on the physical or outward plane, such culture and civilization will be no better than whitened sepulchres full of dead men's bones and decay. And how can there be any true spiritual and intellectual culture when dogmatic creeds are the State religion and enforced under the penalty of the opprobrium of large communities of "believers". No dogmatic creed can be progressive. Unless a dogma is the expression of a universal and proven fact in nature, it is no better than mental and intellectual slavery. One who accepts dogmas easily ends by becoming a dogmatist himself. And, as Watts has well said: "A dogmatical spirit inclines a man to be censorious of his neighbors. . . . . He is tempted to disdain his correspondents as men of low and dark understandings because they do not believe what he does."

The above finds its demonstration daily in bigoted clergymen, in priests and Rabbis. Speaking of the latter and of the *Talmud* in connexion with progress and culture, we note some extraordi-

nary articles in *Les Archives Israelites,* the leading organ of the French Jews, at Paris. In these the stagnation of all progress through fanaticism is so evident, that after reading some papers signed by such well-known names of *men of culture* as F. Crémieux (*Clericalisme et Judaisme*), A. Franck, a member of the Institute (*Les Juifs et l'Humanité*), and especially an article by Elie Aristide Astruc, *"Grand rabbin de Bayonne, grand rabbin honoraire de la Belgique,"* etc.—("Pourquoi nous restons Juifs")—no one can detect the faintest trace of the progress of the age, or preserve the slightest hope of ever witnessing that which the Christians are pleased to call the moral regeneration of the Jews. This article (not to mention the others), written by a man who has an enormous reputation for learning and ability, bears on its face the proofs of what is intellectual culture, *minus* spirituality. The paper is addressed to the French Jews, considered as the most progressed of their race, and is full of the most ardent and passionate apology for Talmudic Judaism, soaked through and through with colossal religious self-opinionatedness. Nothing can approach its self-laudation. It precludes every moral progress and spiritual reformation in Judaism; it calls openly upon the race to exercise more than ever an uncompromising exclusiveness, and awakens the darkest and the most bigoted form of ignorant fanaticism. If such are the views of the leaders of the Jews settled in France, the hotbed of civilization and progress, what hope is there left for their coreligionists of other countries?

The article, "Why we remain Jews," is curious. A. Astruc, the learned author thereof, notifies his readers solemnly that the Jews have to remain *nolens volens* Jews, as not one of the existing religions could "satisfy the genius of the nation." "Were we forced to break with Judaism," he argues, "where is that other creed which could guide our lives?" He speaks of the star that once arose in the East and led the Magi to Bethlehem, but asks, "could the East, the cradle of religions, give us now a true creed? Never!" Then he turns to an analysis of Islamism and Buddhism. The former, he finds too dry in dogma and too ritualistic in form, and shows that it could never satisfy the Israelitish mind. Buddhism with its aspirations towards *Nirvana,* considered as the greatest realisation of bliss and "the most abstruse *consciousness of non-being*" (?) seems to him too negative and passive.

We will not stop to discuss this new phase of metaphysics, *i. e.,* the phenomenon of *non-being* endowed with self-consciousness. Let us rather see the author's analysis of the two forms of Christianity—Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. The former with its Trinitarianism, and the dogmas of Divine Incarnation and Redemption, are incomprehensible "to the free mind of the Israelite"; the latter is too much scattered into innumerable sects to ever become the religion of the future. Neither of these two faiths "could satisfy a Jew," he says; therefore, the Rabbi implores his

coreligionists to remain faithful to Judaism, or the Mosaic law, as this faith is *the best and the most saving of all;* it is, in short, as he puts it, "the ultimate as the highest expression of human religious thought."

This ultra-fanatical article has drawn the attention of several "Christian" papers. One of these takes its author to task severely *for his fear of dogmas only because human reason is unable to comprehend them;* as though, he adds, "any religious faith *could ever be built upon reason*"! This is well said, and would denote real progressive thought in the mind of the critic, had not his definition of belief in dogmas been a *bona fide* defence of them, which is far from showing philosophical progress. Then, the Russian reviewer, we are happy to say, defends Buddhism against the Rabbi's assault.

> "We would have our honorable friend understand that he is quite wrong in undervaluing Buddhism, or regarding it, as he does, as infinitely below Judaism. Buddhism with its spiritual aspiration heavenward, and its ascetic tendencies, is, with all its defects, most undeniably more spiritual and humanitarian than Judaism ever was; especially modern Judaism with its inimical exclusiveness, its dark and despotic *kahal,* its deadening talmudic ritualism, which is a Jewish substitute for religion, and its determined hatred of all progress" *(Nov. Vremya).*

This is good. It shows a beginning, at any rate, of spiritual culture in the journalism of a country regarded hitherto as only *semi*-civilised, while the press of the fully civilised nations generally breathes religious intolerance and prejudice, if not hatred, whenever speaking of a *pagan* philosophy.

And what, after all, does *our* civilization amount to in the face of the grandiose civilizations of the Past, now so remote and so forgotten, as to furnish our modern conceit with the comforting idea that there never were any true civilizations at all before the advent of Christianity? Europeans call the Asiatic races "inferior" because, among other things, they eat with their hands and use no pocket-handkerchiefs. But how long is it that we, of Christendom, have ceased eating with our thumb and fingers, and begun blowing our noses with cambric? From the beginnings of the nations and down to the end of the XVIIIth century Christendom has either remained ignorant of, or scorned the use of, the fork. And yet in the Rome of the Cæsars, civilization was at the height of its development; and we know that if at the feasts of Lucullus, famous for their gorgeous luxury and sumptuousness, each guest chose his succulent morsel by plunging his fingers into a dish of rare viands, the guests of the Kings of France did the same as late as the last century. Almost 2,000 years rolled away between Lucullus and the Pagan Cæsars on the one hand and the latest Bourbons on the other, yet the same personal habits prevailed; we find the same at the brilliant courts of Francois I, Henry II, Louis XIII, and Louis XIV. The French historian, Alfred Franklin,

gives in his interesting volumes *La Vie privée d'autrefois du XII au XVIII siècles, les Repas,* etc., a mass of curious information, especially as to the etiquette and the laws of propriety which existed in these centuries. He who, instead of using daintily his three fingers, used the whole hand to fish a piece of food out of the dish, sinned as much against propriety in those days, as he who puts his knife to his mouth while eating, in our own day. Our forefathers had very strict rules on cleanliness: *e. g.,* the three fingers being *de rigueur,* they could be neither licked, nor wiped on one's jacket, but had to be cleaned and dried after every course "on the table cloth". The VIth volume of the work named acquaints the reader with all the details of the sundry customs. The modern habit of washing one's hands before dinner—existing now in truth, only in England—was strictly *de rigueur,* not only at the courts of the French kings, but was a general custom, and had to be repeated before every course. The office was performed at courts by chamberlains and pages, who holding in their left hand a gold or silver basin, poured with their right hand out of a similar jug, aromatic, tepid water on to the hands of the diners. But this was in the reign of Henry III and IV. Two centuries later, in the face of progress and civilization, we see this custom disappearing, and preserved only at the courts and by the highest aristocracy. In the XVIth century it began to fall into desuetude: and even Louis the XIVth limited his ablutions to a wet napkin. In the midst of the *bourgeoisie* it had almost disappeared; and Napoleon Ist washed his hands only once before dinner. To-day no country save England has preserved this custom.

How much cleaner are the primitive peoples in eating than we are—the Hindus, for instance, and especially the Brahmans. These use no forks, but they take a full bath and change entirely their clothes before sitting down to dinner, during which they wash their hands repeatedly. No Brahman would eat with both his hands, or use his fingers for any other purpose while eating. But the Europeans of the eighteenth century had to be reminded, as we find in various works upon etiquette, of such simple rules as the following: "It is considered improper, and even indecent, to touch one's nose, especially when full of snuff, while eating one's dinner" (*loc. cit.*). Yet Brahmans are "pagans" and our forefathers Christians.

In China, native forks (chop-sticks) were used 1,000 years B. C., as they are now. And when was the fork adopted in Europe? This is what Franklin tells us:

Roasted meats were eaten with fingers as late as the beginning of this century. Montaigne remarks in his *Essais* that he more than once bit his fingers through his habitual precipitation in eating. The fork was known in the days of Henry III, but rarely used before the end of the last century. The wife of Charles le Bel (1324) and Clemence of Hungary had in their dowry each one fork only; and the Duchess of Tours had two. Charles V (1380) and Charles VI (1418) had in their table inventory only three golden

forks—for fruit. Charlotte d'Albrey (1514) three likewise, which were, however, never used.

Germany and Italy adopted the fork at their meals a century earlier than did the French. Cornet, an Englishman, was much surprised, while travelling in Italy in 1609, to find "a strange-looking, clumsy, and dangerous weapon called a fork", used by the natives while eating. In 1651 we find Ann of Austria refusing to use this "weapon", and eating together with her son (Louis XIV) with her fingers. The fork came into general use only at the beginning of our own century.

Whither then shall we turn to find a corroboration of the mendacious claim, that we owe our civilization and culture, our arts, sciences, and all, to the elevating and benign influence of Christianity? We owe to it nothing—nothing at all, neither physically nor morally. The progress we have achieved, so far, relates in every case to purely physical appliances, to objects and things, not to the *inner* man. We have now every convenience and comfort of life, everything that panders to our senses and vanity, but not one atom of moral improvement do we find in Christendom since the establishment of the religion of Christ. As the cowl does not make the monk, so the renunciation of the old Gods has not made men any better than they were before, but only, perhaps, worse. At any rate, it has created a new form of hypocrisy—*cant;* nor has civilization spread as much as is claimed for it. London is civilized, but in truth—only in the West-end. As to the East-end with its squalid population, and its desolate wildernesses of Whitechapel, Limehouse, Stepney, etc., it is as uncultured and almost as barbarous as Europe was in the early centuries of our era, and its denizens, moreover, have acquired a form of brutality quite unknown to those early ages, and never dreamt of by the worst savages or modern heathen nations. And it is the same in every Christian metropolis, in every town and city; outward polish, inward roughness and rottenness—a Dead Sea fruit indeed!

The simple truth is that the word "civilization" is a very vague and undefined term. Like good and evil, beauty and ugliness, etc., civilization and barbarism are relative terms. For that which to the Chinaman, the Hindu, and the Persian would appear the height of culture, would be regarded by the European as a shocking lack of manners, a terrible breach of Society etiquette. In India the traveller is disgusted whenever he sees the native using his fingers instead of a pocket-handkerchief. In China, the Celestial is profoundly sickened at perceiving a European storing carefully into his pocket the product of his mucous glands. In Bombay the Puritan English woman regards, suffused with blushes, the narrow space of bared waist, and the naked knees and legs of the native woman. Bring the Brahmanee into a modern ball-room—nay, the "Queen's Drawing-room"—and watch the effect produced on her. Several thousand years B. C., the Amazons danced the Circle Dance

around the "Great Mother," at the Mysteries; the daughters of Shiloh, bare to the waist, and the prophets of Baal divested of their clothes, whirled and leaped likewise at the Sabean festivals. This was simply symbolical of the motion of the planets around the Sun, but is now branded as a *phallic dance*. How then will future generations characterize our modern ball-room dances and the favorite *waltz?* What difference is there between the ancient priestesses of the God Pan, or the Bacchantes, with the rest of the sacred dancers, and the modern priestesses of Terpsychore? We really see very little. The latter, nude almost down to their waists, dance likewise their "circle dance", while whirling round the ball-room; the only distinction between them being, that the former performed their dance without mixing with the opposite sex, while the waltzers are clasped in turn in the arms of strangers, of men who are neither their husbands nor their brothers.

How unfathomable are thy mysteries, O sphinx of progress, called modern civilization!

A QUESTION ABOUT JESUS*

Was Jesus the only Avatar who asserted that thought and intent was as culpable as actual deed? A friend states that to be the case and therefore holds Jesus to have gone further in ethics than any other reformer.

W. Q. Judge.—The friend who states that Jesus was the only teacher who asserted "that thought was as culpable as deed," should be compelled before being allowed to make a conclusion, to bring forward his or her authority. It would be found that there is no authority for such a statement but that history is directly opposed to it; Buddha always taught that the thoughts were the most important and were the actual deeds, the things in themselves, and that the outer deed was but the expression of a thought, and that only by good thoughts could we attain to perfection. In many ways this can be found in the Buddhist and Indian teachings and indeed in the teachings of all great reformers before Jesus. Buddha and his disciples taught that although a man might do a very charitable act, yet if he did not think charitably and if he was doing the act for the sake of gain or glory, it was his thoughts that determined the result for him. Therefore the thought which was not charitable was to be blamed. This shows how important they held the thought to be. Jesus having been educated in the schools of the Essenes and probably all the other mystics, all of whom dwelt upon the importance of thought, simply gave out what he had been taught.

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* This answer by Mr. Judge to the question asked was first printed in *The Theosophical Forum* of October, 1895. The title used is our own [Ed. Theosophy.]

OCCULT ARTS

NO. III.

DISINTEGRATION—REINTEGRATION.*

JUST as we have seen that precipitation is known to material science in electroplating and other arts, so also is it true that in most departments of applied science disintegration is understood, and that here and there reïntegration of such substances as diamonds has been successfully accomplished. But these are all by mechanical or chemical processes. The question here is, whether—as in respect to precipitation—the occult powers of man and nature can bring about the results. Has any one ever reduced a solid object to impalpable powder and then at a distant place restored the object to its former state? And, if so, how is it done? As to the first, I can only say that I have seen this done, and that many testimonies have been offered by others at various times for the same thing. In the records of Spiritualism there are a great many witnesses to this effect, and accepting all cases in that field which are free from fraud the same remarks as were made about precipitation apply. With mediums it is unconsciously done; the laws governing the entire thing are unexplained by the medium or the alleged spirits; the whole matter is involved in obscurity so far as that cult is concerned, and certainly the returning spooks will give no answer until they find it in the brain of some living person. But the fact remains that among powerful physical mediums the operation has been performed by some unknown force acting under hidden guidance, itself as obscure.

This feat is not the same as apportation, the carrying or projecting of an object through space, whether it be a human form or any other thing. Buddhist and Hindu stories alike teem with such apportations; it is alleged of Apollonius the Greek, of Tyana; Christian saints are said to have been levitated and carried. In the Buddhist stories many of the immediate disciples of Buddha, both during his life and after his death, are said to have flown through the air from place to place; and in the history of Rama, some ascetics and Hanuman the monkey god are credited with having so levitated themselves.

So many metals and minerals may be volatilized that we may take it as a general rule that all—until an exception is met with—are volatile under the proper conditions. Gold is slow in this respect, some observers having kept it heated for two months with no loss of weight, and others found a small loss after exposing it to violent heat; a charge of electricity will dissipate it. Silver volatilizes at red heat, and iron can also be similarly affected. But when we come to wood or softer vegetable matter, the separation of its atoms from each other is more easily accomplished. The

* This article was first printed by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for December, 1893.

process of disintegrating by the use of occult forces and powers is akin to what we can do on the material plane. The result is the same, however the means employed may vary; that is, the molecules are pressed apart from each other and kept so. If by mechanical, chemical, and electrical processes man can bring about this result, there is no reason, save in an asserted unproved denial, why it may not be done by the use of the mind and will. Rarity or unusualness proves nothing; when the telegraph was new its rarity proved nothing against its actuality; and it is every day becoming more the fashion to admit than it is to deny the possibility of anything in the realm opened up by our knowledge of electricity, while the probability is left merely to suspended judgment.

Passing from material science to the medical researches into hypnotism, we find there the stepping-stone between the purely mechanical physical processes and the higher subtler realm of the mind, the will, and the imagination. Here we see that the powerful forces wielded by the mind are able to bring about effects on bone, flesh, blood, and skin equal in measure to many processes of disintegration or volatilization. But in every-day life we have similar suggestive facts. In the blush and the cold chill which come instantaneously over the whole frame, spreading in a second from the mental source, are effects upon matter made directly from mind. Even a recollection of an event can easily bring on this physical effect. In hypnotic experiments the skin, blood, and serum may be altered so as to bring out all the marks and changes of a burn or abrasion. In these cases the mind influenced by another mind makes an image through which the forces act to cause the changes. It is possible because, as so often asserted by the ancient sages, the Universe is really Will and Idea, or, as is so well put in a letter from one of the Adepts, "the machinery of the cosmos is not only occult, it is ideal: and the higher metaphysics must be understood if one is to escape from the illusions under which men labor and which will continually lead them into the adoption of false systems respecting life and nature in consequence of the great 'collective hallucination' in which modern scientific persons glory so much, but which they do not call by that name."*

So much, then, being briefly premised, it is said by the schools of occultism, known not only since the rise of the Theosophical movement but followed for ages in the East and continued down to the present day in India—that the trained man by the use of his will, mind, and imagination can disintegrate an object, send it along currents definitely existing in space, transport the mass of atoms to a distant place, passing them through certain obstacles, and reintegrate the object at the given distant spot exactly with the same visibility, limits, and appearance as it had when first taken up for transport. But this has its limitations. It cannot ordinarily be

* From an unpublished letter.

done with a human living body. That would require such an expenditure of force and so interfere with the rights of life that it may be excluded altogether. Size and resistance of obstacle have also to do with success or failure. Omnipotence of a sort that may transcend law is not admitted in Occultism; that the Adepts pointed out when they wrote that if they could at one stroke turn the world into an arcadia for lofty souls they would do so, but the world can only be conquered step by step and under the rule of law. It is the same in all operations that copy nature either chemically or mechanically. Hence it is said in these schools that "there are failures in occult art as well as among men." Such failures come from an inability to cope with limiting conditions.

We can analyse the phenomenon of disintegration and transport of mass of matter and reïntegration in this way: There is the operator who must know how to use his will, mind, and imagination. Next is the object to be dealt with. Then there is the resisting obstacle through which it may have to pass; and the air, ether, and astral light through which it travels. Lastly is the question whether or not there is the force called cohesion, by means of which masses of matter are held together within limits of form.

If it be said that the force known as gravity holds masses of matter together, we are reduced to accepting a more mysterious explanation for a common thing than the three persons in one God. But cohesion without any other postulate amounts merely to saying that masses of matter cohere because they cohere. Occultism, in common with the Vedantic philosophy, says that there is a force of cohesion which has its roots and power in the spirit and in the ideal form; and attraction and repulsion operate from the same base also. Further, that school holds gravitation to be but an exhibition of the action of these two—attraction and repulsion. Living masses such as vegetables, animals, and men deal with matter in another state from that which is in minerals, and exhibit the quicker action of disintegrating forces; while minerals go to pieces very slowly. Both kinds are compelled in time to fall apart as masses in consequence of the action of evolutionary law when they are left altogether to themselves; that is, the whole quantity of matter of and belonging to the globe is continually subject to the hidden forces which are moulding it for higher uses and turning it, however slowly, into a higher class of matter. The normal rate is what we see, but this normal rate may be altered, and that it can be altered by intelligent mind and will is the fact. This alteration of rate is seen in the forcing processes used for plants by which they are made to grow much faster than is usual under common conditions. In the same way in masses of matter which will surely go to pieces in the course of time, long or short, the molecules may be pushed apart before their time and held so by the trained will. That is, the force of repulsion can be opposed to natural attraction so as to drive the molecules apart and hold them thus away from

each other. When the repulsion is slackened, the molecules rush together again to assume their former appearance. In this case the shape is not altered, but the largely diffused body of molecules retains its shape though invisible to the eye, and upon appearing to sight again it simply condenses itself into the smaller original limits, thus becoming dense enough to be once more seen and touched.

When a small object is thus disintegrated by occult means it can be passed through other objects. Or if it is to be transported without disintegration, then any dense intervening obstacle is disintegrated for a sufficient space to allow it to pass. That the latter is one of the feats of fakirs, yogis, and certain mediums can be hardly a matter of doubt except for those who deny the occult character of the cosmos. Alleged spirits in respect to this have said, "We make the intervening obstacle fluid or diffused, or do the same thing for the object transported", and for once they seem to be right. A gentleman of high character and ability in the northwest told me that one day a man unknown in his village came to the door, and exhibiting some rings of metal made one pass through the other, one of the rings seeming to melt away at the point of contact. H. P. Blavatsky has narrated to me many such cases, and I have seen her do the same thing. As, for instance, she has taken in my sight a small object such as a ring, and laying it on the table caused it to appear without her touching it inside of a closed drawer near by. Now in that instance either she disintegrated it and caused it to pass into the drawer, or disintegrated the drawer for a sufficient space, or she hypnotized me with all my senses on the alert, putting the object into the drawer while I was asleep and without my perceiving any sort of change whatever in my consciousness. The latter I cannot accept, but if it be held as true, then it was more wonderful than the other feat. The circumstances and motive were such as to exclude the hypnotizing theory; it was done to show me that such a phenomenon was possible and to give me a clue to the operation, and also to explain to me how the strange things of spiritualism might be done and, indeed, must be done under the laws of man's mind and nature.

Next we have the intelligent part of the matter to look at. Here the inner senses have to act under the guidance of a mind free from the illusions of matter, able to see into the occult cosmos behind the veil of objectivity. The will acts with immense force, exerting the powers both of attraction and repulsion as desired; knowledge of occult chemistry comes into use; the currents in the astral light or ether have to be known, as also how to make new currents. Those who have seen into the astral light and looked at the currents moving to and fro will understand this, others will either doubt, deny, or suspend judgment. The imagination as in the case of precipitation, is of prime importance; for in these things imagination is the sight and the hand of the mind and the will,

without which the latter can accomplish nothing, just as the will and brain of a man whose arms are cut off can do nothing unless others aid him. But mind, will, and imagination do not re-construct the disintegrated object, for as soon as the dispersing force is slackened from its hold on the mass of molecules, the imagination having held the image of the object, the atoms obediently and automatically reärrange themselves as before.

All this may seem fanciful, but there are those who know of their own knowledge that it is all according to fact. And it is doubtless true that in no long time modern science will begin, as it is even now slowly starting, to admit all these things by admitting in full the ideal nature of the cosmos, thus removing at once the materialistic notions of man and nature which mostly prevail at the present day. William Q. Judge.

IN REGARD TO VEGETARIANISM*

What is the opinion of the leaders of the T. S. in regard to vegetarianism?

W. Q. Judge.—Physicians and those who have tried vegetarianism are those who should speak on this. The opinions of "leaders," as such, are of no consequence. I tried it for nine years, and found it injurious. This is because the western man has no heredity of vegetarianism behind him, and also because his dishes as a vegetarian are poor. They should be confined to rice, barley, wheat, oats, some nuts and a little fruit; but westerners don't like such a meager variety. The stomach does not digest vegetables, it is for meat; the teeth are for tearing and grinding meat. Most of those vegetarians I know eat a whole lot of things injurious to them and are not benefited. Had we an ancestry going back thousands of years, vegetarians always, the case might be different. I know that most of the experienced physicians we have in the Society—and I know a great many—agree with my view, and some of them insist that vegetarianism is wrong under any conditions. With the latter view I do not agree. There ought to come a time in our evolution when new methods of food production will be known, and when the necessity for killing any highly organized creature will have disappeared.

The other branch of the subject is that regarding spiritual development and vegetarianism. It has been so often dealt with it is sufficient to say that such development has nothing to do with either meat-eating or the diet of vegetables. He who gives up meat-eating but does not alter his nature and thoughts, thinking to gain in spirituality, may flatter himself and perhaps make a fetish of his denial, but will certainly thereby make no spiritual progress.

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* This answer by Mr. Judge to the question asked was first printed in *The Theosophical Forum* of January, 1896. The title used is our own [Ed. Theosophy.].

CIVILIZATION, THE DEATH OF ART AND BEAUTY*

IN an interview with the celebrated Hungarian violinist, M. Remenyi, the *Pall Mall Gazette* reporter makes the artist narrate some very interesting experiences in the Far East. "I was the first European artist who ever played before the Mikado of Japan," he said; and reverting to that which has ever been a matter of deep regret for every lover of the artistic and the picturesque, the violinist added:—

"On August 8th, 1886, I appeared before His Majesty—a day memorable, unfortunately, for the change of costume commanded by the Empress. She herself, abandoning the exquisite beauty of the feminine Japanese costume, appeared on that day for the first time and at my concert in European costume, and it made my heart ache to see her. I could have greeted her had I dared with a long wail of despair upon my travelled violin. Six ladies accompanied her, they themselves being clad in their native costume, and walking with infinite grace and charm."

Alas, alas, but this is not all! The Mikado—this hitherto sacred, mysterious, invisible and unreachable personage:—

"The Mikado himself was in the uniform of a European general! At that time the Court etiquette was so strict, my accompanist was not permitted into His Majesty's drawing-room, and this was told me beforehand. I had a good *remplacement*, as my ambassador, Count Zaluski, who had been a pupil of Liszt, was able himself to accompany me. You will be astonished when I tell you that, having chosen for the first piece in the programme my transcription for the violin, of a C sharp minor polonaise by Chopin, a musical piece of the most intrinsic value and poetic depths, the Emperor, when I had finished, intimated to Count Ito, his first minister, that I should play it again. The Japanese taste is good. I was laden with presents of untold value, one item only being a gold-lacquer box of the seventeenth century. I played in Hong Kong and *outside* Canton, no European being allowed to live inside. There I made an interesting excursion to the Portuguese possession of Macao, visiting the cave where Camoens wrote his 'Lusiad.' It was very interesting to see outside the Chinese town of Macao a European Portuguese town which to this very day has remained unchanged since the sixteenth century. In the midst of the exquisite tropical vegetation of Java, and despite the terrific heat, I gave sixty-two concerts in sixty-seven days, travelling all over the island, inspecting its antiquities, the chief of which is a most wonderful Buddhist temple, the Boro Budhur, or Many Buddhas. This building contains six miles of figures, and is a solid pile of stone, larger than the pyramids. They have, these Javans, an extraordinarily sweet orchestra in the national Samelang, which consists of percussion instruments played by eighteen people; but to hear this orchestra, with its most weird Oriental chorus and ecstatic dances, one must have had the privilege of being invited by the Sultan of Solo, 'Sole Emperor of the World.' I have seen and heard nothing more dreamy and poetic than the Serimpis danced by nine Royal Princesses."

Where are the Æsthetes of a few years ago? Or was this little confederation of the lovers of art but one of the soap-bubbles of our *fin de siècle*, rich in promise and suggestion of many a possibility, but dead in works and act? Or, if there are any true lovers

* This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for May, 1891.

of art yet left among them, why do they not organize and send out missionaries the world over, to tell picturesque Japan and other countries ready to fall victims that, to imitate the will-o'-the-wisp of European culture and fascination, means for a non-Christian land, the committing of suicide; that it means sacrificing one's individuality for an empty show and shadow; at best it is to exchange the original and the picturesque for the vulgar and the hideous. Truly and indeed it is high time that at last something should be done in this direction, and before the deceitful civilization of the conceited nations of but yesterday has irretrievably hypnotized the older races and made them succumb to its upas-tree wiles and supposed superiority. Otherwise, old arts and artistic creations, everything original and unique will very soon disappear. Already national dresses and time-honoured customs, and everything beautiful, artistic, and worth preservation is fast disappearing from view. At no distant day, alas, the best relics of the past will perhaps be found only in museums in sorry, solitary, and be-ticketed samples preserved under glass!

Such is the work and the unavoidable result of our modern civilization. Skin-deep in reality in its visible effects, in the "blessings" it is alleged to have given to the world, its roots are rotten to the core. It is to its progress that selfishness and materialism, the greatest curses of the nations, are due; and the latter will most surely lead to the annihilation of art and of the appreciation of the truly harmonious and beautiful. Hitherto, materialism has only led to a universal tendency to unification on the material plane and a corresponding diversity on that of thought and spirit. It is this universal tendency, which by propelling humanity, through its ambition and selfish greed, to an incessant chase after wealth and the obtaining *at any price* of the supposed blessings of this life, causes it to aspire or rather gravitate to one level, the lowest of all—the plane of empty appearance. Materialism and indifference to all save the selfish realization of wealth and power, and the over-feeding of national and personal vanity, have gradually led nations and men to the almost entire oblivion of spiritual ideals, of the love of nature to the correct appreciation of things. Like a hideous leprosy our Western civilization has eaten its way through all the quarters of the globe and hardened the human heart. "Soul-saving" is its deceitful, lying pretext; greed for additional revenue through opium, rum, and the inoculation of European vices—the real aim. In the far East it has infected with the spirit of imitation the higher classes of the "pagans"—save China, whose national conservatism deserves our respect; and in Europe it has engrafted *fashion*—save the mark—even on the dirty, starving proletariat itself! For the last thirty years, as if some deceitful semblance of a reversion to the ancestral type—awarded to men by the Darwinian theory in its moral added to its physical characteristics—were contemplated by an evil spirit tempting mankind, almost every race and nation under the Sun in Asia has

gone mad in its passion for *aping* Europe. This, added to the frantic endeavour to destroy Nature in every direction, and also every vestige of older civilizations—far superior to our own in arts, godliness, and the appreciation of the grandiose and harmonious—must result in such national calamities. Therefore, do we find hitherto artistic and picturesque Japan succumbing wholly to the temptation of justifying the "ape theory" by *simianizing* its populations in order to bring the country on a level with canting, greedy and artificial Europe!

For certainly Europe is all this. It is canting and deceitful from its diplomats down to its custodians of religion, from its political down to its social laws, selfish, greedy and brutal beyond expression in its grabbing characteristics. And yet there are those who wonder at the gradual decadence of true art, as if art could exist without imagination, fancy, and a just appreciation of the beautiful in Nature, or without poetry and high religious, hence, metaphysical aspirations! The galleries of paintings and sculpture, we hear, become every year poorer in quality, if richer in quantity. It is lamented that while there is a plethora of ordinary productions, the greatest scarcity of remarkable pictures and statuary prevails. Is this not most evidently due to the facts that (*a*) the artists will very soon remain with no better models than *nature morte* (or "still life") to inspire themselves with; and (*b*) that the chief concern is not the creation of artistic objects, but their speedy sale and profits? Under such conditions, the fall of true art is only a natural consequence.

Owing to the triumphant march and the invasion of civilization, Nature, as well as man and ethics, is sacrificed, and is fast becoming artificial. Climates are changing, and the face of the whole world will soon be altered. Under the murderous hand of the pioneers of civilization, the destruction of whole primeval forests is leading to the drying up of rivers and the opening of the Canal of Suez has changed the climate of Egypt as that of Panama will divert the course of the Gulf Stream. Almost tropical countries are now becoming cold and rainy, and fertile lands threaten to be soon transformed into sandy deserts. A few years more and there will not remain within a radius of fifty miles around our large cities one single rural spot inviolate from vulgar speculation. In scenery, the picturesque and the natural is daily replaced by the grotesque and the artificial. Scarce a landscape in England but the fair body of nature is desecrated by the advertisements of "Pears' Soap" and "Beecham's Pills". The pure air of the country is polluted with smoke, the smells of greasy railway-engines, and the sickening odours of gin, whiskey, and beer. And once that every natural spot in the surrounding scenery is gone, and the eye of the painter finds but the artificial and hideous products of modern speculation to rest upon, artistic taste will have to follow suit and disappear along with them.

"No man ever did or ever will work well, but either from actual sight or sight of faith", says Ruskin, speaking of art. Thus, the first quarter of the coming century may witness painters of landscapes, who have never seen an acre of land free from human improvement; and painters of figures whose ideas of female beauty of form will be based on the wasp-like pinched-in waists of corseted, hollow-chested and consumptive society *belles*. It is not from such models that a picture deserving of the definition of Horace—"a poem without words"—is produced. Artificially draped *Parisiennes* and London Cockneys sitting for Italian *contadini* or Arab Bedouins can never replace the genuine article; and both free Bedouins and genuine Italian peasant girls are, thanks to "civilization", fast becoming things of the past. Where shall artists find genuine models in the coming century, when the hosts of the free Nomads of the Desert, and perchance all the negro-tribes of Africa—or what will remain of them after their decimation by Christian cannons, and the rum and opium of the Christian civilizer—will have donned European coats and top hats? And that this is precisely what awaits art under the beneficial progress of modern civilization, is self-evident to all.

Aye! let us boast of the blessings of civilization, by all means. Let us brag of our sciences and the grand discoveries of the age, its achievements in mechanical arts, its railroads, telephones and electric batteries; but let us not forget, meanwhile, to purchase at fabulous prices (almost as great as those given in our day for a prize dog, or an old prima donna's song) the paintings and statuary of uncivilized, barbarous antiquity and of the middle ages: for such objects of art will be reproduced no more. Civilization has tolled their eleventh hour. It has rung the death-knell of the old arts, and the last decade of our century is summoning the world to the funeral of all that was grand, genuine, and original in the old civilizations. Would Raphael, O ye lovers of art, have created one single of his many Madonnas, had he had, instead of Fornarina and the once Juno-like women of the Trastevero of Rome to inspire his genius, only the present-day models, or the niched Virgins of the nooks and corners of modern Italy, in crinolines and high-heeled boots? Or would Andrea del Sarto have produced his famous "Venus and Cupid" from a modern East End working girl—one of the latest victims to fashion—holding under the shadow of a gigantic hat *à la mousquetaire,* feathered like the scalp of an Indian chief, a dirty, scrofulous brat from the slums? How could Titian have ever immortalized his golden-haired patrician ladies of Venice, had he been compelled to move all his life in the society of our actual "professional beauties", with their straw-coloured, dyed capillaries that transform human hair into the fur of a yellow Angora cat? May not one venture to state with the utmost confidence that the world would never have had the Athena Limnia of Phidias—that ideal of beauty *in face and form*—had

Aspasia, the Milesian, or the fair daughters of Hellas, whether in the days of Pericles or in any other, disfigured that "form" with stays and bustle, and coated that "face" with white enamel, after the fashion of the varnished features of the mummies of the dead Egyptians.

We see the same in architecture. Not even the genius of Michael Angelo himself could have failed to receive its death-blow at the first sight of the Eiffel Tower, or the Albert Hall, or more horrible still, the Albert Memorial. Nor, for the matter of that, could it have received any suggestive idea from the Colosseum and the palace of the Cæsars, in their present *whitewashed* and *repaired* state! Whither, then shall we, in our days of civilization, go to find the natural, or even simply the picturesque? Is it still to Italy, to Switzerland or Spain? But the Bay of Naples—even if its waters be as blue and transparent as on the day when the people of Cumæ selected its shores for a colony, and its surrounding scenery as gloriously beautiful as ever—thanks to that spirit of mimicry which has infected sea and land, has now lost its most artistic and most original features. It is bereft of its lazy, dirty, but intensely picturesque figures of old; of its *lazzaroni* and *barcarolos,* its fishermen and country girls. Instead of the former's red or blue Phrygian cap, and the latter's statuesque, half-nude figure and poetical rags, we see now-a-days but the caricatured specimens of modern civilization and fashion. The gay *tarantella* resounds no longer on the cool sands of the moonlit shore; it is replaced by that libel on Terpsychore, the modern quadrille, in the gas-lit, gin-smelling sailor's *trattorias.* Filth still pervades the land, as of yore; but it is made the more apparent on the threadbare city coat, the mangled chimney-pot hat and the once fashionable, now cast-away European bonnet. Picked up in the hotel gutters, they now grace the unkempt heads of the once picturesque Neapolitans. The type of the latter has died out, and there is nothing to distinguish the *lazzaroni* from the Venetian *gondoliere,* the Calabrian brigand, or the London street-sweeper and beggar. The still, sunlit waters of *Canal Grande* bear no longer their gondolas, filled on festival days with gaily dressed Venetians, with picturesque boatmen and girls. The black gondola that glides silently under the heavy carved balconies of the old patrician palazze, reminds one now more of a black floating coffin, with a solemn-looking, dark-clothed undertaker paddling it on towards the Styx, than of the gondola of thirty years ago. Venice looks more gloomy now than during the days of Austrian slavery from which it was rescued by Napoleon III. Once on shore, its *gondoliere* is scarcely distinguishable from his "fare", the British M. P. on his holiday-tour in the old city of the Doges. Such is the levelling hand of all-destroying civilization.

It is the same all over Europe. Look at Switzerland. Hardly a decade ago, every Canton had its distinguishing national costume, as clean and fresh as it was peculiar. Now the people are ashamed to wear it. They want to be mistaken

for foreign guests, to be regarded as a civilized nation which follows suit even in fashion. Cross over to Spain. Of all the relics of old, the smell of rancid oil and garlic is alone left to remind one of the poetry of the old days in the country of the Cid. The graceful mantilla has almost disappeared; the proud hidalgo-beggar has taken himself off from the street-corner; the nightly serenades of love-sick Romeos are gone out of fashion; and the duenna contemplates going in for woman's rights. The members of the "Social Purity" Associations may say "thank God" to this and lay the change at the door of Christian and moral reforms of civilization. But has morality gained anything in Spain with the disappearance of the nocturnal lovers and duennas? We have every right to say, *no*. A Don Juan *outside* a house is less dangerous than one *inside*. Social immorality is as rife as ever—if not more so, in Spain, and it must be so, indeed, when even "Harper's Guide Book" quotes in its last edition as follows: "Morals in all classes, especially in the higher, are in the most degraded state. Veils, indeed, are thrown aside, and serenades are rare, but gallantry and intrigue are as active as ever. The men think little of their married obligations; the women . . . are willing victims of unprincipled gallantry." (*Spain*, "Madrid," page 678.) In this, Spain is but on a par with all other countries civilized or now civilizing, and is assuredly not worse than many another country that could be named; but that which may be said of it with truth is, that what it has lost in poetry through civilization, it has gained in hypocrisy and loose morals. The *Cortejo* has turned into the *petit crevé;* the castanets have become silent, because, perhaps, the noise of the uncorked champagne bottles affords more excitement to the rapidly civilizing nation; and the "Andalouse au teint bruni" having taken to cosmetics and face-enamel, "la Marquesa d'Almedi" may be said to have been buried with Alfred de Musset.

The gods have indeed been propitious to the Alhambra. They have permitted it to be burnt before its chaste Moresque beauty had been finally desecrated, as are the rock-cut temples of India, the Pyramids and other relics by drunken orgies. This superb relic of the Moors had already suffered, once before, by Christian improvement. It is a tradition still told in Granada, and history too, that the monks of Ferdinand and Isabella had made of Alhambra—that "palace of petrified flowers dyed with the hues of the wings of angels"—a filthy prison for thieves and murderers. Modern speculators might have done worse; they might have polluted its walls and pearl-inlaid ceilings, the lovely gilding and stucco, the fairy-like arabesques, and the marble and gossamer-like carvings, with commercial advertisements, after the Inquisitors had already once before covered the building with whitewash and permitted the prison-keepers to use Alhambra Halls for their donkeys and cattle. Doubting but little that the fury of the *Madrilenos* for imitating the French and English must have already, at this stage

of modern civilization, infected every province of Spain, we may regard that lovely country as dead. A friend speaks, as an eye-witness, of "cocktails" spilled near the marble fountain of the Alhambra, over the blood-marks left by the hapless Abancerages slain by Boabdil, and of a Parisian *cancan pur sang* performed by working girls and soldiers of Granada, in the Court of Lions!

But these are only trifling signs of the time and the spread of *culture* among the middle and the lower classes. Wherever the spirit of aping possesses the heart of the nation—the poor working classes—there the elements of nationality disappear and the country is on the eve of losing its individuality and all things change for the worse. What is the use of talking so loudly of "the benefits of *Christian* civilization", of its having softened public morals, refined national customs and manners, etc., etc., when our modern civilization has achieved quite the reverse! Civilization has depended, for ages, says Burke, "upon two principles. . . . the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion". And how many true *gentlemen* have we left, when compared even with the days of half-barbarous knighthood? Religion has become canting hypocrisy and the genuine religious spirit is regarded now-a-days as insanity. Civilization, it is averred, "has destroyed brigandage, established public security, elevated morality and built railways which now honeycomb the face of the globe". Indeed? Let us analyze seriously and impartially all these "benefits" and we shall soon find that civilization has done nothing of the kind. At best it has put a false nose on every evil of the Past, adding hypocrisy and false pretence to the natural ugliness of each. If it is true to say that it has put down in some civilized centres of Europe—near Rome, in the Bois de Boulogne or on Hampstead Heath—*banditti* and highway-men, it is also as true that it has, thereby, destroyed robbery only as a specialty, the latter having now become a common occupation in every city great or small. The robber and cut-throat has only exchanged his dress and appearance by donning the livery of civilization—the ugly modern attire. Instead of being robbed under the vault of thick woods and the protection of darkness, people are robbed now-a-days under the electric light of saloons and the protection of trade-laws and police-regulations. As to open day-light brigandage, the *Mafia* of New Orleans and the *Mala Vita* of Sicily, with high officialdom, population, police, and jury forced to play into the hands of regularly organized bands of murderers, thieves and tyrants* in the full glare of European "culture", show how far our civilization has succeeded in establishing public security, or Christian religion in softening the hearts of men and the ways and customs of a barbarous past. Modern Cyclopædias are very fond of expatiating upon the decadence of Rome and its *pagan* horrors. But if the latest editions of the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography* were honest enough to make a

* Read the "Cut Throats' Paradise" in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1877, and the digest of it in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 15th, 1891, "Murder as a Profession."

parallel between those "monsters of depravity" of ancient civilization, Messalina and Faustina, Nero and Commodus, and modern European aristocracy, it might be found that the latter could give odds to the former—in social hypocrisy, at any rate. Between "the shameless and beastly debauchery" of an Emperor Commodus, and as beastly a depravity of more than one "Honourable", high official representative of the people, the only difference to be found is that while Commodus was a member of all the sacerdotal colleges of Paganism, the modern debauchee may be a high member of the Evangelical Christian Churches, a distinguished and pious pupil of Moody and Sankey and what not. It is not the Calchas of Homer, who was the type of the Calchas in the Operette "La Belle Helène", but the modern sacerdotal Pecksniff and his followers.

As to the blessings of railways and "the annihilation of space and time", it is still an undecided question—without speaking of the misery and starvation the introduction of steam engines and machinery in general has brought for years on those who depend on their manual labour—whether railways do not kill more people in one month than the brigands of all Europe used to murder in a whole year. The victims of railroads, moreover, are killed under circumstances which surpass in horror anything the cut-throats may have devised. One reads almost daily of railway disasters in which people are "burned to death in the blazing wreckage", "mangled and crushed out of recognition" and killed by dozens and scores.[1] This is a trifle worse than the highwaymen of old Newgate.

Nor has crime been abated at all by the spread of civilization; though owing to the progress of science in chemistry and physics, it has become more secure from detection and more ghastly in its realization than it ever has been. Speak of Christian civilization having improved public morals; of Christianity being the only religion which has established and recognized Universal Brotherhood! Look at the brotherly feeling shown by American Christians to the Red Indian and the Negro, whose *citizenship* is the farce of the age. Witness the love of the Anglo-Indians for the "mild Hindu", the Mussulman, and the Buddhist. See "how these Christians love each other" in their incessant law litigations, their libels against each other, the mutual hatred of the Churches and of the sects. Modern civilization and Christianity are oil and water—they will never mix. Nations among which the most horrible crimes are daily perpetrated; nations which rejoice in Tropmanns and Jack the Rippers, in fiends like Mrs. Reeves the trader

[1] To take one instance. A Reuter's telegram from America, where such accidents are almost of daily occurrence, gives the following details of a wrecked train: "One of the cars which was attached to a gravel train and which contained five Italian workmen, was thrown forward into the centre of the wreck, and the whole mass caught fire. Two of the men were killed outright and the remaining three were injured, pinioned in the wreckage. As the flames reached them their cries and groans were heartrending. Owing to the position of the car and the intense heat the rescuers were unable to reach them, and were compelled to watch them slowly burn to death. It is understood that all the victims leave families."

in baby slaughter—to the number of 300 victims as is believed—for the sake of filthy lucre; nations which not only permit but encourage a Monaco with its hosts of suicides, that patronize prize-fights, bull-fights, useless and cruel sport and even indiscriminate vivisection—such nations have no right to boast of their civilization. Nations furthermore which from political considerations, dare not put down slave-trade *once for all,* and out of revenue-greed, hesitate to abolish opium and whiskey trades, fattening on the untold misery and degradation of millions of human beings, have no right to call themselves either Christian or civilized. A civilization finally that leads only to the destruction of every noble, artistic feeling in man, can only deserve the epithet of barbarous. We, the modern-day Europeans, are Vandals as great, if not greater than Atilla with his savage hordes.

Consummatum est. Such is the work of our modern Christian civilization and its direct effects. The destroyer of art, the Shylock, who, for every mite of gold it gives, demands and receives in return a pound of human flesh, in the heart-blood, in the physical and mental suffering of the masses, in the loss of everything true and loveable—can hardly pretend to deserve grateful or respectful recognition. The unconsciously prophetic *fin de siècle,* in short, is the long ago foreseen *fin de cycle;* when according to *Manjunâtha Sutra,* "Justice will have died, leaving as its successor blind Law, and as its Guru and guide—*Selfishness;* when wicked things and deeds will have to be regarded as meritorious, and holy actions as madness". Beliefs are dying out, divine life is mocked at; art and genius, truth and justice are daily sacrificed to the insatiable mammon of the age—money grubbing. The artificial replaces everywhere the real, the false substitutes the true. Not a sunny valley, not a shadowy grove left immaculate on the bosom of mother nature. And yet what marble fountain in fashionable square or city park, what bronze lions or tumble-down dolphins with upturned tails can compare with an old worm-eaten, moss-covered, weather-stained country well, or a rural windmill in a green meadow! What Arc de Triomphe can ever compare with the low arch of Grotto Azzurra, at Capri, and what city park or Champs Elysées, rival Sorrento, "the wild garden of the world", the birth-place of Tasso? Ancient civilizations have never sacrificed Nature to speculation, but holding it as divine, have honoured her natural beauties by the erection of works of art, such as our modern electric civilization could never produce even in dream. The sublime grandeur, the mournful gloom and majesty of the ruined temples of Pæstum, that stand for ages like so many sentries over the sepulchre of the Past and the forlorn hope of the Future amid the mountain wilderness of Sorrento, have inspired more men of genius than the new civilization will ever produce. Give us the *banditti* who once infested these ruins, rather than the railroads that cut through the old Etruscan tombs; the first may take the purse and life of the few; the second are undermining the lives of the millions by poison-

ing with foul gases the sweet breath of the pure air. In ten years, by century the XXth, Southern France with its Nice and Cannes, and even Engadine, may hope to rival the London atmosphere with its fogs, thanks to the increase of population and changes of climate. We hear that Speculation is preparing a new iniquity against Nature: smoky, greasy, stench-breathing *funiculaires* (baby-railways) are being contemplated for some world-renowned mountains. They are preparing to creep like so many loathsome, fire-vomiting reptiles over the immaculate body of the Jungfrau, and a railway-tunnel is to pierce the heart of the snow-capped Virgin mountain, the glory of Europe. And why not? Has not national speculation pulled down the priceless remains of the grand Temple of Neptune at Rome, to build over its colossal corpse and sculptured pillars the present Custom House?

Are we so wrong then, in maintaining that modern civilization with its Spirit of Speculation is the very *Genius of Destruction;* and as such, what better words can be addressed to it than this definition of Burke:—

"A Spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors."

H. P. B.

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS*

THE FOURTH STATE OF MATTER DESCRIBED IN THE SMARAGDINE TABLET.

THAT a tablet, now called the Smaragdine, was found there is no doubt. Its discovery is attributed by tradition to an *isarim* or initiate, who it is said, took it from the dead body of Hermes—this could not have been the Egyptian god Thoth—which was buried at Hebron, in an obscure ditch. The tablet was held between the hands of the corpse. Some authors say that it was of emerald, which I do not believe; it probably was of green strass or paste, an imitation of emerald, in the manufacture of which the Egyptians excelled. Be it as it may, the contents evidently refer to that subtle body, called by the great scientist Sir William Thompson, "the luminiferous æther,"—to that mysterious, invisible to us, some-thing, in which the matter-atoms float, the *azoth* of the Hermetic philosophers, the *astral light* of the occultists, the *akasa* of the Hindus; which physical science attempts to grasp, comprehend and sometimes use, under the name of electricity, magnetism, heat, light, etc.; which is experimentally made visible, in one of its

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forms, by means of Professor Crooke's "radiant matter" and which he terms the fourth state of matter. It permeates all things, going through flesh and blood, and steel and glass, the diamond and sapphire, with the facility of water through a net. A translation of this tablet is:[1]

"It is true without falsehood, certain and very veritable, that that which is below, is as that which is above, and that that which is on high, is as that which is below, so as to perpetuate the miracles of all things.

And as all things have been and come from One, by the mental desire of One, so all things have been produced from that One only by adaptation.

The Sun (Osiris) is thence the father, and the Moon (Isis) the mother. The Air, its womb, carries it thence, and the Earth is its nurse.

Here is the producer of all, the talisman of all the world.

Its force (or potentiality) is entire, if it is changed into the Earth, you separate the Earth from the Fire, the subtile from the gross. Sweetly, but with great energy, it mounts from the Earth to the Heaven, and again descends to the Earth with powerful energy, and receives the potentiality of the superior and inferior things.

You have, by this means, the light (or fire) of the whole universe. And upon account of this, all obscurity itself, with that, will fly entirely thence.

In this is the energy the strongest of all energy, for it vanquishes all subtile things and penetrates all the solid things.

Thus the world was created. From this will be and will go out admirable adaptations, of which the medium is here.

And because of these reasons I am called Hermes Trismegistus, possessing the three divisions of the philosophy of the universe.

It is complete, this that I have said of the operation of the Sun."

The reader must take note, that the fire referred to here, is not the perceptible fire, but the hidden occult fire, which is concealed in all things, and only becomes evident through a tearing asunder of the atoms. The fire, which we see, is the black fire, the other the unseen, is the white fire. So the ancient Hebrew philosophy says, the Tablets of the Law given to Moses, were written by the Deity with black fire on white fire. It is referred to but concealed in the Maasey B'reshith, the great occult book of which is the Book of Genesis. Isaac Myer.

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[1] The emerald table is from the collection commencing with Le Miroirs d'Alquimie de Jean de Mehun, philosophe, tres-excellent. Traduict de Latin en Francois. A Paris. 1613, pp. 36-39, to which is also attached, the Petit Commentaire de L'Hortulain, philosophe, dict des Jardins maritimes, sur la Table d'Esmerande d'Hermes Trismegiste pp. 42-64.

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE*

VI.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

WHEN sickened with the petty aims of the world around—when wearied and despairing in the quest of the ideal brotherhood, it is refreshing to recognise a kinship of spirit even across the gulf of centuries—to feel that the brotherhood of love we seek for is no vain dream, and that when we are worthy to enter its ranks, comrades such as Sidney will be there to welcome us.

On reading over the life of this paragon of the Elizabethan period, though his actual achievement seems at first sight scarcely to warrant the renown he won, the aroma of his character which so captivated his contemporaries, is still felt to be the truest criterion by which to judge the man.

But the chief lesson to be learned by students of occultism from the life of Sidney is that in proportion as passion rises to intensity is its power to act as the true alchahest in the transmutation of the baser metals of our nature into the pure gold of the heart.

For the mass of men who stagnate through life without one intense passion to fire their nature, the formula of Eliphas Levi—modified as follows would indeed seem to be appropriate—though of course referring to the ultimate destiny, not to the result of any one earth-life. "The spiritual passion towards good and the spiritual passion towards evil are the two poles of the world of souls: between these two poles vegetate and die without remembrance the useless portion of mankind."

To see that Sidney was made in a more fiery mould, it needs but to read his "Astrophel and Stella." Though the complete purging of his nature and the conquest of self is only made apparent in the concluding sonnets, the passionate outbursts of his love, and the fiery path he had to tread are manifest throughout the poem, and naturally form a bond of union—all the closer when the culmination of the desire has been identical—with those who have had analogous experience.

It is perhaps difficult at first to realize how the love of an actual living woman should have the same purging and purifying effect as a similar love idealised, but nature is not to be bound by rules of our making in her methods of drawing different souls towards perfection. Both may be taken as illustrations of the fact that whether emotion starts from a pleasurable or a painful source, on reaching a high enough degree of intensity, it enters the region

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where pleasure and pain are merged in one, and then it is that it becomes the solvent of the man's lower nature.

It must indeed have been a fiery ordeal that Sidney passed through, for the earthly love by its intensity so to burn itself clean out of the heart, and leave only the lofty aspirations expressed in the following sonnet, which truly seem to formulate the very sum and substance of Theosophic thought.

"Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self chosen snare,
  Fond fancies' scum, and dregs of scattered thought;
Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care;
  Thou web of will whose end is never wrought!
Desire, Desire! I have too dearly bought
  With price of mangled mind thy worthless ware;
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
  Who shouldst my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;
  In vain thou mad'st me to vain things aspire;
  In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire:
For virtue hath this better lesson taught—
  Within myself to seek my only hire,
  Desiring naught but how to kill desire."

Pilgrim.

A CASE OF OBSESSION*

THE particulars of the case of "obsession," alluded to in the April number of this magazine, are given in the following letter from a respectable English medical man who is in attendance upon the victim:—

"I take the liberty of addressing you in the cause of humanity, with the intention of exciting your sympathies and obtaining all the aid in your power to afford, in a case of 'control.' You will understand that the gentleman is being *made a medium* against his wish, through having attended a few seances for the purpose of witnessing 'materialization.'

"Ever since he has been more or less subject to a series of persecutions by the 'controlling' spirit and, in spite of every effort of his to throw off the influence, he has been made to suffer most shamefully and painfully in very many ways and under most trying and aggravating circumstances, especially by his thoughts being forced into forbidden channels without external causes being present—the bodily functions overruled, even being caused to bite his tongue and cheeks severely whilst eating, &c., and subjected to every species of petty annoyances which will serve as a means for the 'control' (unknown) to sustain and establish the connexion.

*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Theosophist* for May, 1880.

The details are in their most painful features not such as I can write to you; but if there be any means known to you whereby the influence can be diverted, and it is thought necessary to be more particular in my description of this case, I will send you all the information I possess."

So little is known in India of the latest and most startling phase of Western mediumistic phenomena—"materialization,"—that a few words of explanation are needed to make this case understood. Briefly, then, for several years, in the presence of certain mediums in America and Europe, there have been seen, often under good test conditions, apparitions of the dead, which in every respect seem like living human beings. They walk about, write messages to present and absent friends, speak audibly in the languages familiar to them in life, even though the medium may be unacquainted with them, and are dressed in the garb they wore when alive. Many cases of fraudulent personation of the dead have been detected, pretended mediums have sometimes gone on for years deceiving the credulous, and real ones, whose psychical powers have been apparently proved beyond doubt, have been caught playing tricks in some evil hour when they have yielded to either the love of money or notoriety. Still, making every allowance for all these, there is a residuum of veritable cases of the materialization, or the making visible, tangible and audible of portrait figures of dead people. These wonderful phenomena have been variously regarded by investigators. Most Spiritualists have looked upon them as the most precious proofs of the soul-survival; while Theosophists, acquainted with the views of the ancient Theurgists, and the still more ancient Aryan philosophers, have viewed them as at best misleading deceptions of the senses, fraught with danger to the physical and moral natures of both medium and spectator—if the latter chances to be susceptible to certain psychical influences. These students of Occultism have noticed that the mediums for materializations have too often been ruined in health by the drain upon their systems, and wrecked in morals. They have over and again warned the Spiritualistic public that mediumship was a most dangerous gift, one only to be tolerated under great precautions. And for this they have received much abuse and few thanks. Still one's duty must be done at every cost, and the case now before us affords a valuable text for one more bit of friendly counsel.

We need not stop to discuss the question whether the so-called materialized forms above described are or are not those of the deceased they look like. That may be held in reserve until the bottom facts of Oriental psychical science are better understood. Nor need we argue as to whether there has ever been an authentic materialization. The London experiences of Mr. William Crookes, F. R. S., and the American ones of Colonel Olcott, both so widely known and of so convincing a character, give us a suffi-

cient basis of fact to argue upon. We assume the reality of materializations, and shall take the instance cited by the English physician as a subject for diagnosis.

The patient then is described as having been "controlled" since attending "circles" where there were materializations, and as having become the bond-slave of some evil powers which force him to say and do painful and even disgusting things, despite his resistance. Why is this? How can a man be compelled to so act against his will? What is Obsession? Three brief questions these are, but most difficult to explain to an uninitiated public. The laws of Obsession can only be well understood by him who has sounded the depths of Indian philosophy. The only clue to the secret, which the West possesses, is contained in that most beneficent science, Magnetism or Mesmerism. That does teach the existence of a vital fluid within and about the human being; the fact of different human polarities; and the possibility of one person projecting this fluid or force at will, to and upon another person differently polarized. Baron Reichenbach's theory of Odyle or Odic force shows us the existence of this same fluid in the mineral and vegetable as well as the animal kingdoms. To complete the chain of evidence, Buchanan's discovery of the psychometrical faculty in man enables us to prove, by the help of this faculty, that a subtle influence is exerted by people upon the houses and even the localities they live in, the paper they write upon, the clothing they wear, the portion of the Universal Ether (the Aryan *Akása*) they exist in —and that this is a permanent influence, perceptible even at the most distant epochs from the time when the individual lived and exerted this influence. In one word, we may say that the discoveries of Western science corroborate most fully the hints thrown out by Greek sages and the more defined theories of certain Indian philosophers.

Indians and Buddhists believe alike that thought and deed are both material, that they survive, that the evil desires and the good ones of a man environ him in a world of his own making, that these desires and thoughts take on shapes that become real to him after death, and that *Moksha*, in the one case, and *Nirvana*, in the other, cannot be attained until the disembodied soul has passed quite through this shadow-world of the haunting thoughts, and become divested of the last spot of its earthly taint. The progress of Western discovery in this direction has been and must ever be very gradual. From the phenomena of gross to those of more sublimated matter, and thence on towards the mysteries of spirit is the hard road made necessary by the precepts of Aristotle. Western Science first ascertained that our outcoming breath is charged with carbonic acid and, in excess, becomes fatal to human life; then, that certain dangerous diseases are passed from person to person in the sporules thrown off into the air from the sick body; then, that man projects upon every body and every thing he

encounters a magnetic *aura*, peculiar to himself; and, finally, the physical disturbance set up in the Ether in the process of thought-evolution is now postulated. Another step in advance will be to realize the magical creative power of the human mind, and the fact that moral taint is just as transmissible as physical. The "influence" of bad companions will then be understood to imply a degrading personal magnetism, more subtle than the impressions conveyed to the eye or the ear by the sights and sounds of a vicious company. The latter may be repelled by resolutely avoiding to see or hear what is bad; but the former enwraps the sensitive and penetrates his very being if he but stop where the moral poison is floating in the air. Gregory's "Animal Magnetism," Reichenbach's "Researches," and Denton's "Soul of Things" will make much of this plain to the Western inquirer, though neither of those authors traces the connection of his favourite branch of science with the parent-stock—Indian Psychology.

Keeping the present case in view, we see a man highly susceptible to magnetic impressions, ignorant of the nature of the "materializations" and, therefore, unable to protect himself against bad influences, brought in contact with promiscuous circles where the impressionable medium has long been the unwitting nucleus of evil magnetisms, his system saturated with the emanations of the surviving thoughts and desires of those who are living and those who are dead. The reader is referred to an interesting paper by Judge Gadgil of Baroda, on "Hindu Ideas about Communion with the Dead," for a plain exposition of this question of earth-tied souls, or *Pisachas*. "It is considered," says that writer, "that in this state, the soul, being deprived of the means of enjoyment of sensual pleasures through its own physical body, is perpetually tormented by hunger, appetite and other bodily desires, and can have only vicarious enjoyment by entering into the living physical bodies of others, or by absorbing the subtlest essences of libations and oblations offered for their own sake." What is there to surprise us in the fact that a negatively polarized man, a man of a susceptible temperament, being suddenly brought into a current of foul emanations from some vicious person, perhaps still living or perhaps dead, absorbs the insidious poison as rapidly as quicklime does moisture, until he is saturated with it? Thus, a susceptible body will absorb the virus of small-pox, or cholera, or typhus, and we need only recall this to draw the analogy which Occult Science affirms to be warranted.

Near the Earth's surface there hangs over us—to use a convenient simile—a steamy moral fog, composed of the undispersed exhalations of human vice and passion. This fog penetrates the sensitive to the very soul's core; his psychic self absorbs it as the sponge does water, or as fresh milk effluvia. It benumbs his moral sense, spurs his baser instincts into activity, overpowers his good resolutions. As the fumes of a wine-vault make the brain reel, or

as the choke-damp stifles one's breath in a mine, so this heavy cloud of immoral influences carries away the sensitive beyond the limits of self-control, and he becomes "obsessed," like our English patient.

What remedy is there to suggest? Does not our very diagnosis indicate that? The sensitive must have his sensitiveness destroyed; the negative polarity must be changed to a positive; he must become active instead of passive. He can be helped by a magnetiser who understands the nature of obsession, and who is morally pure and physically healthy; it must be a powerful magnetiser, a man of commanding will-force. But the fight for freedom will, after all, have to be fought by the patient himself. His will-power must be aroused. He must expel the poison from his system. Inch by inch he must win back the lost ground. He must realize that it is a question of life or death, salvation or ruin, and strive for victory, like one who makes a last and heroic effort to save his life. His diet must be of the simplest, he must neither eat animal food, nor touch any stimulant, nor put himself in any company where there is the smallest chance for unclean thoughts to be provoked. He should be alone as little as possible, but his companions should be carefully chosen. He should take exercise and be much in the open air; use wood-fire, instead of coals. Every indication that the bad influence was still working within him should be taken as a challenge to control his thoughts and compel them to dwell upon pure, elevating, spiritual things, at every hazard and with a determination to suffer anything rather than give way. If this man can have such a spirit infused into him, and his physician can secure the benevolent help of a strong, healthy magnetiser, of pure character, he may be saved. A case almost exactly like this one, except that the patient was a lady, came under our notice in America; the same advice as the above was given and followed, and the obsessing "devil" was driven out and has been kept out ever since.

ON THE LOOKOUT

Douglas Ainslie has done us a very genuine service in translating "What Is Living and What Is Dead of the Philosophy of Hegel," by Benedetto Croce, an Italian metaphysician of no mean rank himself. Mr. Ainslie in his Introduction, remarks that "the madness and immoralism of twentieth century Germany has nothing in common with her great writers of a hundred years ago and more. There has been a great decline of German thought coincident with material prosperity and aspiration for universal dominion." While Signor Croce adds that the necessary critical revision of Hegelianism can scarcely be expected from its German fatherland, "which is so forgetful of its great son that it has not even reprinted his works, and frequently expresses judgments concerning him, which astound us who belong to this remote fringe of Italy, for we have never altogether forgotten him, and have in some wise made him our own." The light thus cast by these two writers on the *Kultur* of Germany, becomes even more illuminating, by the way, in Owen Wister's just account of "The Pentecost of Calamity," which has been so many times reprinted since August, 1914.

Signor Croce commends himself to us by his clear presentation of Hegel's thought, by his appreciation of Hegel's profound scientific spirit, by his gratitude for Hegel's contribution to philosophy; while at the same time his discrimination does not overlook defects in the system. It is "only as historian and as naturalist Hegel is deficient and out of date; as philosopher, as one who never founds his truth on empirical data, he remains intact." His errors lie not in his logic of dialectic, but in his theory of classification; not in his principle, but in its application—it would appear.

To Hegel we owe the clear statement of a logic of philosophy, not esoteric but exoteric, because outside of reason it leaves nothing. "The questions to which philosophy has no answer, have their answer in this, that they ought not to be asked." He calls his doctrine the *dialectic*, or synthesis of the opposites, and adopts the symbolism of the triad or trinity for this relation. Fortunately, a Theosophist needs no explanation of these terms, for he can see in the first triad of the Hegelian Logic, Absolute Being, Non Being, and Becoming, (the triad which includes all others) an identity with the triad of the Vedanta philosophy, as pointed out by H. P. B. (*Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, Book 2, Part 2, foot-note.) Hegel's thought is: It is in and through opposition that reality eternally generates itself. Nor does thought, which is supreme reality, become dissipated or discrete, but it grasps unity in opposition and logically synthesizes it. (Here we see that Hegel's "reality" is the Third Logos of Occultism.) The concrete universal, unity in distinction and in opposition, is the true and complete principle of identity, which allows no separate existence. H. P. B.'s references to and quotations from Hegel in the *Secret Doctrine* make interesting comment on the living Hegel, much of whose philosophy finds its application in the teachings of Occult Science.

Signor Croce's history of the dialectic is a thoughtful view of the whole field of philosophy up to Hegel (excepting the archaic Aryan, of course, which, as H. P. B. indicates, our age is hardly destined to comprehend, for all its intellectual acuteness). In his treatment of Hegel's errors he shows that most of them arise from making the theory of distincts, and of opposites, one and the same, and abusing the triadic form by applying to this connexion. Hence arise his false conclusions as to art, language, history and nature. But Hegel is rich in thought, and Signor Croce succeeds in inspiring the reader with a desire to read more than his own critique and explanations. He urges one to seek for the poetic truth in Hegel, without becoming involved in pedantic formulae, and to accept or reject the doctrines Hegel propounds only after *reading his books*: so "to put an end to the spectacle, half comical and half disgusting, of the accusation and the abuse of a philosopher by critics who do

not know him, and who wage a foolish war with a ridiculous puppet created by their own imaginations, under the ignoble sway of traditional prejudice and intellectual laziness."

If men should follow this excellent advice, Signor Croce, we should no doubt have more Hegelians; if they should take it a step further, to Theosophy, we should have more Theosophists. You call yourself an Hegelian, a Kantian, an Aristotelian, a Platonist, etc., only as those philosophers express what you so aptly term "a moment of truth"; Theosophy is a statement of the truth which includes these "moments"—and measures them.

Such a headline as "Is George III. Reincarnate in Wilhelm II?" is somewhat surprising in an age and country that bases all its calculations from the fallacious standpoint of a one-life existence, when the newspaper in which it appears has no pretensions to a theosophical line of thought. That the evidence adduced by the writer in support of his theory is not important, it is hardly necessary to state. It is drawn largely from the fact of some physical resemblances which appear to the writer to be remarkable, allowing for the change produced by different styles of hairdressing and so forth. Certain similarities of character are detailed and a like end is predicted for the Kaiser, not without prejudice, be it said, as overtook the former autocrat. To the student of Theosophy the important part is not this sort of speculation. The important part of the article is the tone of assurance it takes in regard to reincarnation. If, as seems, the question in the writer's mind is, not has George III. reincarnated but has he incarnated in the form of the present Emperor of Germany, he must be ready to admit that it would be just as simple a matter for Mr. Smith, after a period of rest, to incarnate as Mr. Jones, unless he postulates special privileges in heaven; and having left us in no uncertainty of his opinion of the gentleman in question, we gather that he would not be expected to have a unique "pull," even with the Deity of the Old Testament.

One gains the impression that what we might term a mechanical belief in theosophical doctrine has found a place, though still an unacknowledged one, in the minds of people who would call themselves conservative, for the paper quoted is published for that class of reader.

As the inner life of the man is the real life and the character of his thoughts decides the character of his influence, the diary of a great man must be of deep interest to students of Theosophy. The first volume of "The Diaries of Leo Tolstoy," edited by V. G. Chertkov, is just issued. It is "a record of thoughts" and contains little of a material nature that occurred in his life, except incidentally. Throughout his life he leaned toward the metaphysical and yearned for that spirit of universal brotherhood which he realised to be the solution of human woe. The reticence and discrimination shown by M. Chertkov, the close friend of Tolstoy in his late years, commends itself to those who, free from idle curiosity over events, wish to gain an insight into the heart of this man of inspiration. These extracts speak:—

"I had this thought. That the life we see around us is the movement of matter by recognised and invariable laws, whereas within us we feel there exists a law which has no affinity with them. One may say that to this inward law we owe our comprehension of the outer laws. Those external laws compel our submission, but this law within us—more than within—is our real self. Hence we are drawn towards the fulfillment of this law and sooner or later we do inevitably fulfil it. Precisely in this lies the freedom of the will, which consists in realising that the inner law is the true ego. It is that which we

call reason, conscience, love, goodness, God. . . . In the conflict between these and the gradual victory of the higher over the lower law lies the life of humanity."

"Nonresistance to evil is important not only because man ought to act in this way for his own sake to realise the perfection of love, but also because it is nonresistance alone which can put an end to evil, absorbing it, neutralising it, putting an end to its continuance—which is like the continuance of motion in a rebounding ball, if there be no force to absorb it."

"The business of life is to love. But of set purpose to love people who are unworthy of love is impossible. But it is possible to refrain from love's opposite, and to have kindly, godly relations with all those beings in every given minute."

"One of the greatest delusions in forming an opinion of a man is that we describe him as being clever or stupid, good or bad, strong or weak; while the man is really all these things; he is all possibilities; he is in a state of fluidity."

"One can only understand and feel God when one has clearly understood the unreality of all that is material."

"The Meaning and Value of Mysticism," and "The Way of Divine Union" by E. Herman and A. E. Waite, respectively, are proof of an interest in this subject which must have called them forth. Both of these writers point out the difference between the mystics of today and those of an earlier time in this western world, to whom the "fleshly envelope" was a clog, a lure, a curse. They show the world of up-to-date western mystics accepting Browning's statement,

> "All good things
> Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
> helps soul."

But in both these erudite and lengthy volumes the mysticism of the east is completely ignored and the authors bestow all their attention to "Christian" mystics. The consequence is something like the playing of Hamlet without the Dane. Until there is recognition of the doctrine of the eastern wisdom how can mysticism be explained? However, there is some hope that "the twain may meet" when they speak of the unity of the mystic with God; the innate sense of certitude and illumination which places God at the beginning and not at the end of every process of religious thought.

Perhaps an unnamed reviewer has said a better thing in summing up the books than anything that appeared therein, when he wrote: ". . . . with all our libraries, museums, explorations into every hidden corner of nature and of history there is scarcely anything we cannot understand and estimate; yet how often and how deeply must we feel the futility of mere knowing and understanding for all the deeper purposes of life. Hence perhaps that turning toward mysticism which is so general a feature of the time. Here we come into touch with a reality which the simplest can apprehend yet which the mightiest intellect cannot fathom; all-sufficing in itself yet ever showing fresh fields to be won by spiritual endeavor."

A despatch by the *Associated Press,* recently printed by one of the leading newspapers of the Pacific Coast section, will give food for thought to the many Theosophists who are discouraged because "the public does not respond" to theosophical ideas. It is dated Panama, February tenth, and relates to the Congress on Christian Work in Latin America, whose Commission on Survey

and Occupation declares that a complete collapse of the Christian faith in Latin America is impending. To quote from the despatch:—

"The report declares that in all the southern republics practically universal unbelief exists as far as modern learning has proceeded. The commission asserts that the people in each of the several countries may be roughly divided into four classes—a violent anticlerical party, many of whom carry their opposition to religion of every form; the more-or-less well-reasoned skeptics and atheists who look indulgently upon religion as harmless for women and for the lower classes, but who are themselves indifferent to its claims; the 'dissatisfied, if not disillusioned and groping, companies of souls who soon pass on to cynicism and hardness of heart;' those whose 'period of doubt and breaking away is ahead of them as they are overtaken by free education.'

"The report says that a surprising number of the women are beginning to share the skepticism of their husbands, and that theosophy, spiritism and similar cults are rapidly taking the place of Christianity in numerous sections. In Bolivia alone, it is claimed, three-fourths of the members of Congress and of the well-to-do business men and nearly all of the government students are sworn enemies of the church, while similar conditions prevail in practically all the sister republics."

Another remarkably significant "sign of the times"! Another sweeping testimonial to the power, knowledge and prevision of H. P. Blavatsky, whose work, so She said, was "to break the moulds of men's minds"; and to supply mental and spiritual food for coming generations of men, when the old idols and ideas should show themselves to be insufficient and the soul should be questing for the truth!

In commenting on the matter one writer remarks, "The Latin people with their swiftness of mind and feeling must have a religious experience that is intimate and experimental. If they are making departures, it is probably not through doubt but through this necessity of being stirred up and of reaching conclusions anew for themselves." This is a pleasant and easy way of disguising the truth for Christian readers; a nice, sweet sugar-coating for a tremendously bitter pill. The fact is that the Church can no longer control its own followers, that the growing recognition of the freedom of the soul spells the downfall of vested religions and their exponents, who strive, often with mistaken honesty, to enslave and keep enslaved the minds of men, through the channels of their best and highest feelings. That the Church "suggestion" —for its methods are pseudo-hypnotic—is broken in those countries where its hold was apparently the strongest is supreme evidence of the force of the Theosophical Movement. For the moving power in the great change in idea that has occurred in Latin America is Theosophy, whatever the particular stripe of rationalism or "irrationalism" various people have laid hold of. That which "broke the moulds" is the influence of Theosophy, brought forward as it was by Those who knew it, *when the favoring cycle had arrived.*

Curiously interesting in this connection are the facts that both H. P. Blavatsky and Wm. Q. Judge visited Latin America. H. P. B. was in South American countries before 1875. W. Q. J., it is known, was in Venezuela in the early eighties. Both in *Isis Unveiled* and in her series of articles, *"A Land of Mystery,"* recently reprinted in this magazine, H. P. B. writes much that is very suggestive to the intuitional concerning the South Americas. Mr. Judge wrote one intensely interesting article, *"A Weird Tale,"* recording one of a number of strange experiences met with by him in Venezuela. This experience had its sequel three years later in London. The article appeared in two parts in *The Theosophist,* the first part in July, 1885, and the second part nearly six months later, in the December issue of the same year. It will be reprinted in an early issue of Theosophy.